

**SPECIAL 10TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION**

**THE SANDMUTOPIAN**

# **GUARDIAN**

**a Journal of BDSM Realities**

**"In the Beginning"**

**1988 – 1998**

**Commentary on the  
past 10 years of BDSM from**

**Tony DeBlase**

**Carol Truscott**

**Victoria Baker**

**Joseph Bean**

**Guy Baldwin**

**...and more**

**Plus**

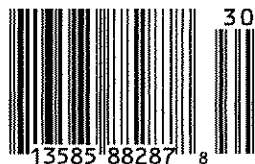
**Laura Antoniou  
*seeks a houseboy***

**Ava Taurel *tells all***

**Pauline Reage  
*dies at 90***



**10**



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# THE GUARDIAN

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## THE SANDMUTOPIAN GUARDIAN

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# Letters to THE GUARDIAN Our Readers' Forum

Send comments, queries or criticisms to: Editor, c/o The Utopian Network,  
POB 1146, NY NY 10156

or Fax: (516) 842-7518 or email: siradam@ix.netcom.com

Please include name and address which will be held confidential.

Mitch/Gerrie,

I thought you'd like to know that I picked up my latest copy (Issue #28) of *The Guardian* at Borders Books & Music in San Francisco. I know how difficult it can be to get such publications into mainstream retailers, so I thought you'd like to hear where I got it from. If you're using a distributor out here, they're doing a good job obviously. If you generated the placement, kudos to you. And the magazine looks great, by the way.

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Dear TruDeviant:

I read your article on scene music in *The Guardian*, with great interest. Recently, someone told me that she really likes the sound track from "The Last Of The Mohicans" because of the varied tempos and beautiful sounds.

Would you give me your opinion? I would like to use music in earphones, to block out my sense of hearing, while blindfolded in a whipping scene. If you could suggest one CD for me to buy, what would it be?

Thank you for your help. It is greatly appreciated.

Brad  
reno

## TruDeviant Replies:

Brad:

Since you mentioned beautiful sounds and shifting tempos, try "Lifeforms" by the Future Sound of London. It's a two CD set at a reasonable price. (see my article in Issue 28 of *The Guardian*).

The other recording is "Tri Repatae" by Autechre. Also a double CD at a special lower price. This music is stranger, darker, and more sinister than "Lifeforms." It has long tracks with unusual beat patterns and is one of my personal favorites. I've used it for flogging, paddling, whipping, and a variety of other kinds of hitting. (mentioned in Issue 27).

If you can't find these disks in Reno, you can have them sent to you by calling **Other Music** in NYC. (212) 477 8150.

Dear SMG;

I would like to bring to the readership's attention a company I recently discovered: Pacific Force, Inc. run by Mistress Jacqueline, a very caring, pro-scene, savvy business woman, who seems more interested in promoting the scene than lining her pockets. She has a very distinct, unique line of video tapes, including "Mistress Jacqueline meets Mistress (Guest)" as well as an unusual home slave training set of tapes "You Are Trained" and "Your Training Continues". Both would be

ideal for a beginning D/S couple unsure of how to proceed from self-help books to constructing a scene or who would like to visit a professional as a couple, but lack the funds, time, etc. As her techniques include mild hypnosis, I would strongly advise you watch the tapes with an alert partner. Both tapes are recommended, though the first seems to be more oriented to viewing and the second more to actual activities. Also included in her catalog are tapes on tickling and smothering. The thing that I like most is that she's the first person I have met in the scene who actually answers mail (both letter and phone) with caring letters and a turnaround shipping time that is unheard of anywhere: I week flat from MI to CA and back for both orders! I enjoyed her discussion with Mistress Elizabeth, after which viewers, are treated to a live session with her slave mick-ey. All in all, a well-thought out business by a very smart, but caring scene businesswoman.

My next order is-four pairs of her panties, guaranteed to be worn by her for 24 hours!

Catalogs are \$6, I believe. The address is: **Pacific Force, Inc.**/7095 Hollywood Blvd./ Suite 350/ Hollywood.,CA.90028.

*The Dutchmyn*

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# Update & Corrections

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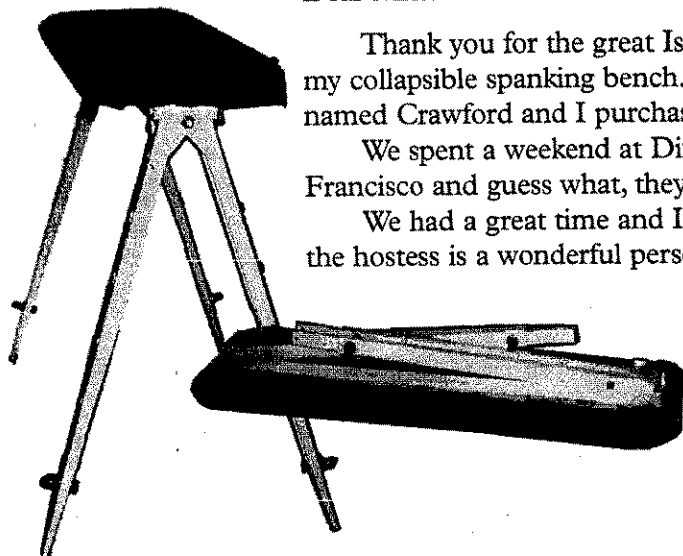
Dear Mitch & Gerrie

Thank you for the great Issue (#29) and for putting in the picture of my collapsible spanking bench. I found out it is made by a company named Crawford and I purchased it at Home Depot (Dom Depot!).

We spent a weekend at Differences, a "Bed and Dungeon" in San Francisco and guess what, they had the same spanking bench in our room.

We had a great time and I highly recommend Differences. Elizabeth the hostess is a wonderful person. Take care and keep up the good work.

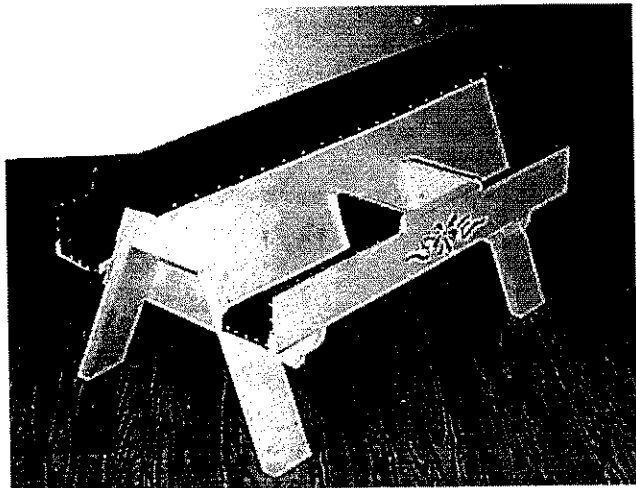
Best regards,  
Bud



Mitch,

I always enjoy reading *The Guardian*. Your feature in Issue #28 about St. Andrew's crosses was quite interesting. The .gif attached is a picture of one I made for a D/s club down here in South Florida. The real beauty of this one is that it was created for portability ... the unit is lined with leather and held together by one bolt ! I can go into specifics if readers want more information or, as the article mentioned, you wish to feature it in a future issue.

Regards,  
Robert



**Correction -**  
or, one for the "Red Face" Department!

The White bench above was incorrectly attributed in Issue #29.

It was made for Mistress Carmen of Carter Stevens Productions, by Debbie Carter. Because Mistress Carmen reads *The Guardian*, "from cover to cover," she spotted the error and we apologize for our mistake!

# Publishers Page

**W**hen we marked our third anniversary as publishers of *The Guardian*, we realized that it was also the 10th Anniversary of the magazine. We decided to celebrate the event with this special edition.

Letters and email went out to many of the people that were there, "in the beginning," asking them for their thoughts, recollections, and photos if possible. We have been very pleased by the response and our heartfelt thanks go out to all of them for their interest and participation. The following pages are devoted to their contributions, along with all the covers from the first issue published by Tony DeBlase, to the last one published

by Martijn Bakker.

We also approached people who had even preceded *The Guardian*, to help give a perspective on the times in which this innovative and courageous project was undertaken.

And, as an aside to those who are not represented in these articles, it's not too late! Our Anniversary year continues and there will be another issue in 1998. So, if you are moved to respond after reading these contributions, "come on down"! You will be welcome — and paid — cash or credit toward items in our catalog of **Adam and Gillian's Sensual Whips and Toys.**

*Gerrie and Mitch*

## What was the rest of the world doing in 1988? Remember . . . ? ?

The US Supreme Court sided with *Hustler* magazine and Larry Flint in his criticism of Jerry Falwell.

Jimmy Swaggert admitted he had sex with a prostitute, and was defrocked and disgraced.

It cost 25¢ to mail a letter.

Ted Turner went into television with TNT, TBS and CNN.

Salmon Rushdie's *Satanic Verses* by were published, putting his life in jeopardy.

Media mogul, Rupert Murdoch bought *TV Guide* magazine.

"M Butterfly" opened on Broadway.

In sports:

The Redskins beat Denver in Super Bowl XXII.

In tennis, Stefan Edberg won the men's singles and Steffi Graf completed her grand slam in the women's division at Wimbledon.

In baseball, The Dodgers won the World Series over Oakland, four games to one.

The Summer Olympics were held in Seoul.

In the movies, "Who Framed Roger Rabbit," "Dangerous Liaisons" and "The Last Temptation of Christ" were making waves.

There were floods in China, Brazil and Bangladesh.

There was a drought in the US. Armenia had an earthquake.

Canada's anti-abortion law was struck down.

The Reagan administration barred family planning clinics from providing abortion counselling if they get federal funds.

The use of RU286 was authorized in France and China.

Colored plastic wrap was first marketed.

Gary Hart was forced out of the Presidential race because of his affair with Donna Rice.

Reagan beat Dukakis for a second term as President.

US Supreme Court upheld the appointment of a Special Prosecutor in cases of suspected misconduct by high officials.

And the rest, as they say, is history!! It's *deja vu* all over again!

# Looking Back to Look Ahead



by Mitch Kessler

**T**he *SandM*utopia *Guardian* and the "Safe Sane and Consensual" slogan came into existence at roughly the same time — after an otherwise disastrous 1988 Leather conference in Dallas TX. For more or less innocent reasons we tend to deemphasize the historical and political context that contributed to its creation. In marking the 30th issue of *The Guardian*, this look back seems appropriate.

The slogan first appeared on the back of a float in the 1987 Gay and Lesbian March on Washington. Even then, the slogan had immense appeal to anyone who wants to separate their eroticized, ritualized sadomasochism, from the sort of thing that the FBI and Amnesty International investigate. Until that time, the BDSM/Leather Community (in its pre-organized form) pretty much understood that consensuality between the involved parties more or less justified any practices they could survive. But this was a rather uncomfortable understanding because of the many exceptions a fair-minded and knowledgeable person could bring to mind without too much effort. We all knew there were people whose ability to say "NO!" was essentially non-existent, and that there were people who took advantage of that. We also knew that "the Scene" was located in perilous neighborhoods, where robbers and violent bigots found easy prey. There are few places where cruising for sex along a waterfront can, in good conscience, be called "safe." And there is some justice in considering people

who do that, "not sane." The new slogan seemed to acknowledge those issues without obsessing on them and so, resonated with "Kinky" activists.

By the Summer of 1987 The Gay Men's Health Crisis, a NYC AIDS education and PWA support Foundation, had its Safer Sex Education program well-organized and underway. Their objective was to save lives and bring the epidemic under control by promoting "Safer" sexual behaviors, rather than by advocating universal abstinence. In addition to condom use, Safer be-

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... the actual events  
seem quite  
beyond recall,  
even by those involved  
at the time ...

---

haviors included Zero Fluid Exchange and sexual techniques such as mutual masturbation. "LeatherSex" was actively promoted, both as an alternative means of sexual expression, and as a form of intensified foreplay. (Curiously, the LeatherSex shown in the official GMHC Safer Sex Workshop film, while incorporating handcuffs and leather jackets, consisted of condom-protected anal sex — easily the "riskiest" forms of Safer.) This is significant because it illustrates how much the Gay Community experienced the Health Crisis as the, "moral equivalent of War."

Crisis workers were less concerned with perfect solutions to complex social questions, than they were in deploying effective techniques. The goal was to prevent as many infections as possible, while recognizing that preventing *all* new infections was not within human power at the time.

Mainstream gay social workers and educators, who had previously been embarrassed by Leathermen, now looked to their wilder brethren as a life-preserving and life-affirming "resource." Sexual behavior formerly seen as extreme and unaesthetic was now seen as having value in preventing new infections.

It was in this highly charged atmosphere that The Safe Sane Consensual Adults conference was held in Dallas in 1988. The objective was to forge some kind of national consensus about Leather-positive identity and direction. Few of the survivors of that meeting will actually say anything specific about who did or said what, or why the conference adjourned with such widespread ill-will among the participants. A short lived, Safe Sane and Consensual Adults Organization, emerged from the Dallas Conference, but by October of 1989 it had been supplanted by The National Leather Association, under somewhat different leadership. As with the conference itself, the historical record has since been revised, misplaced and denied to such a degree, that the actual events seem quite beyond recall, even by those involved at the time — most of today's most visible Leather Leadership.

(See Carol's Column in issue 2 for a contemporary account)

## Looking Back

It was in 1988 that Tony DeBlase established *The Sandm-utopia Guardian* as a heterosexual-friendly, woman-friendly equivalent to his other Leather/SM publication, *DungeonMaster*, which appealed primarily to Leathermen and those who emulated them.

West coast women began to pioneer blood sports: temporary piercing, decorative cutting and phlebotomy as part of their BDSM practice. This is culturally interesting because in general, sexually *avant garde* people were beginning to associate blood, even more than semen and feces, with the transmission of HIV. In 1988-92 "playing with blood," carried a symbolic value of extreme daring and Outlaw Sexuality.

*The Guardian* played an important role for me, personally, during these years. I was just "getting into" the BDSM scene, and SM sexuality. I discovered the magazine in a NYC Leather shop called *The Noose*, at that time, one of the very few retail outlets for leather clothing and really exotic sex toys. *The Guardian* became a valuable source of useful information, and of cultural support, immediately. After the first issue I subscribed and bought all the back issues. (There were only six at the time.) A few years later, as my whip making was moving from "remunerative hobby" to profession, my first successful advertising was in *The Guardian*. For several years we could always tell when our new *Guardian* was due to arrive by mail — the whip orders started coming in! Had there been no *Guardian* there probably would have been no Adam and Gillian's Sensual Whips and Toys.

By 1992, *The Guardian* had fallen on difficult times and sporadic

continued from pg 7

publication until it was acquired, along with other Desmodus Publications' titles, by a Dutch corporation, *RoB of Amsterdam*. By 1994, production was put on indefinite hold. When *RoB* offered Adam and Gillian's advertising space in *Drummer* to fulfill our *Guardian* advertising contract, we made them an offer for *The Guardian* instead. From a purely business standpoint, we paid too

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### What had been a slogan, had evolved into a credo

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much and got too little. Not only did we find that the verbally described, "issue in the can," and, "library of art and writing," did not exist, we found that we did not have much in the way of re-publication rights or interest among former contributors. Frankly, I think there was a belief that "Rich Easterners" (let us not examine the pedigree of *that* code word too closely) had "taken over," and were themselves Fair Game — to be taken.

We were able to break away from the former "Safety Rating System," and the assumption that only, "Experienced *TOPS*," could be counted upon to supervise the more exotic techniques. But, we were no longer getting as much input from gay, lesbian or organizationally aligned authors, than the previous owners had enjoyed. We started paying for articles, a thing *The Guardian* had never done before -- but we still wound up doing more of our own writing than we had ever intended.

As we were bringing *The Guardian* back to life, the Safe Sane Con-

sensual movement was taking on a life of its own. What had been a slogan, had evolved into a credo ... with a hierarchy to evaluate the orthodoxy of its application — and was well on the way to aspiring to be a "Codex," with an Authority to enforce it.

Experience has convinced us that the "perils" of BDSM are largely a romantic myth. Unsatisfactory experiences and rude behavior are as common in the scene as anywhere else — but compared to competitive sports, and blind dates in general — not especially perilous. We chose to take a more reality-based point of view in our features and journalism.

But the SS&C posse has continued to grow and spread in the '90's, and we are getting that, "*deja vu* all over again," feeling. Internally, it is a classic totalitarian takeover; silencing critics, controlling discourse, media and communications, with a good deal of lying cheating and stealing in service of the domination of organizational life.

Worse, our Scene Politicians are not relying entirely on simple demagoguery, or trusting entirely to "rank and file" apathy and naiveté to prevent opposition. It appears that our more ambitious posse members have been cozying up to the "Establishment" in their zeal to root out the real or imagined "abusers" among us. If this witch hunting continues, each of us will have less to fear from the Jesse Helmses of this world and much more from the self-appointed Leading Citizens of our own community.

So on this 30th Issue of *The Guardian*, and its 10th Anniversary, we look back with pride at what we have accomplished, but look forward to the next decade of publication with some trepidation. ♦

(Mitch Kessler, editor of this magazine has been active and involved in the BDSM communities for more than ten years)



# The First One

## Founding Publisher of The Guardian

by Tony De Blase

also known as Fledermaus

**T**o talk about the evolution of *The Guardian*, we have to go back many years. In 1978 my lover and I took a trip to San Francisco and Vancouver. During that trip we visited with several topmen, each of whom had new techniques and ideas to communicate. And I was thinking, "Why in hell aren't we all talking to each other about these ideas."

Back home in Chicago I was receiving newsletters offering techniques on classic French cooking, and another on basic Chinese cuisine. I figured that if they could do it with French and Chinese cooking, I could do it with SM.

In Nov 1979 the first issue of *DungeonMaster* appeared. It was the first time anyone, anywhere, approached SM from a basic technical point of view and talked about the How-to, the tools of the trade, the basic mind sets, etc. Up until then all had been fantasy. Not that the subjects were not real, or that the situations were not, but none of it had been geared for instruction on how to do this in a safe and sane manner. And "Safe and Sane SM" were what I proclaimed *DungeonMaster* to be all about. Later others would add the word "consensual" to that phrase, and for a short time I urged adding the word "adults," but that is another part of our history.

Though *DungeonMaster* was targeted at gay male SM players, it quickly attracted a wide audience among fem doms, who also played with the male bottom, but also with

leather lesbians and others who were not particularly interested in male bottoms. It was, after all, the only source of SM how-to then available. And I received frequent requests from subscribers and others, to do a heterosexual version of *DM*.

After we made the incredibly stupid decision to purchase *Drummer* and related titles in 1986 we muddled along.

In 1988, after hearing many requests for a "het" version of *DM*, I invited Carol Truscott to edit a "pansexual" version of *DM* (I'm not sure that the term "pansexual" even existed at that time. But it was the target we were going for.) I had admired the way she had been performing as editor of the newsletter of the Society of Janus.

We held an extensive brainstorming session at Carol's home to discuss the name of the new publication in which many widely respected names in the leather/SM community participated. With an enduring fondness for newspaper associations and the respectability that is sometimes inherent in this, we settled upon: "The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal." Very soon thereafter it became apparent that this was too much of a mouthful. "and Dungeon Journal" got limited to "a Dungeon Journal" as a subtitle, or just eliminated altogether.

Through the tumultuous years of our ownership of *Drummer* and related publications in 1986 - 1992: *DungeonMaster* maintained a level of almost paying its own way, if not

quite, certainly never showing a profit. *The Guardian*, never even came close to paying its own way! We continued to subsidize both magazines by the profits of *Drummer* and other titles and had to suffer through problems such as when the publication schedules could become considerably delayed by other payment priorities. In 1992 we sold all interests in Desmodus Publications. Thereafter they quickly sold off *DungeonMaster* to *Check Mate* and *The Guardian* to The Utopian Network. I think that both



The intrepid Publisher engaged in one of his favorite activities. From the cover of *DungeonMaster* #36-1988

operations have been doing wonderfully and, have gone in marvelously divergent, yet interesting, areas of exploration.

Now I would want to subscribe to both of them. *The Sandmutopia Guardian* and *DungeonMaster* each reflected a commitment from a community that was interested in learning from each other. However, it will be even more important when the *SG* and *DM* communities are interested in learning from one another. ♦

(Tony DeBlase and his lover now live in Portland, OR and are still involved in the scene, there and nationally.)

# The New Editor Tries her Hand - 1988

by Carol Truscott

**M**uch to my surprise, when I started thinking about writing this article, I discovered I didn't know where to start. I asked for help (in an email that began, Oh, help!) and I got back a long list of questions that I'm actually going to try to answer.

It was July 4, 1987 ... a holiday. About 2 months earlier my house slave had given me my first teddy bear. A week or so before I'd bought my house. And that after-



#3 Sonne by Satyr

noon I'd gone to a picnic in Golden Gate Park with a bunch of pervs. For reasons I don't remember, a friend and I landed on the doorstep of Desmodus, Inc., where people were, much to my surprise, working away producing *Drummer, Mach, Foreskin Quarterly* and *DungeonMaster*. With that much already on his plate, Tony DeBlase (a masochist in disguise, I've

sometimes thought) asked me if I wanted to edit a new magazine — like *DungeonMaster* but aimed at people of all genders and orientations. *DungeonMaster*, for those of you who haven't had the good fortune, was an SM education magazine aimed at gay men. It also ran an SM fantasy series that took place in "Sandmutopia" ...

So what did I know? I'd never edited a *real* magazine ... I'd written and published organizations' newsletters, written columns and articles in various venues, but a real magazine? With advertisers? And being paid for it too? Never one to question somebody else's estimate of my ability and the offer being too good to be true, I said yes.

I've never asked Tony why he offered the job to me, but I suspect it was because he knew something of my work as Society of Janus communications secretary. In that function I'd written a regular column for the members' newsletter. Tony and I had corresponded about some-

thing I think we disagreed on. I think he liked my style and my integrity. I think he'd probably also noticed I could write my way out of a BIG paper bag if I needed to (not that I'd done much of *that*... but come to think of it, it could be fun.)

I can't say I was absolutely sure of this right from the start, but very early on, I began to envision *Sandmutopia Guardian & Dungeon Journal* as becoming something like an Encyclopedia Britannica for SM (and that's sadism and masochism, folks, — definitely *not*



#5 BC & Carl Cliver  
by Jim Wigler

**I wanted us to become something like a newspaper-of-record, ... for events in the larger world that could have an impact on us as SM(ers).**

standing and modeling) practitioners of all genders and orientations. I was absolutely clear from the start that I would rarely use "his/her" and I would *never* use "their" in referring to one person. I think I did a jim-dandy job of mistressing the passive voice to get around those ugly, illiterate-sounding locutions. And all the time I wished devoutly that Marge Piercy's "co" and "per" had caught on as non-gender-specific pronouns!

Anyway, in its first number of issues I wanted to run definitive articles on all the major forms of SM play: bondage, flagellation, genital and tit torture, cutting, sus-



#4 Leatherwomen  
Calendar Feb '89

pension, mummification, etc. I wanted people to learn how to make toys, where to shop for the toys they couldn't make ... I wanted us to become something like a newspaper-of-record, albeit always late (because we were trying to publish four times a year) for events in the larger world that could have an impact on us as SM practitioners. We would be a place where people could find high-quality relevant health information, where they would find the names of SM organizations close to them if they were interested in joining, and

where they could advertise for the partners of their dreams.

We wouldn't run poetry or stories because there were plenty of publications that handled that kind of material. We would be an educational journal, with the goal of helping people learn how to do SM safely and joyously. It was never intended as one-hand reading (though it's been whispered that some people *do* get off on reading how-to articles ... once again reinforcing my late mentor, JimEd Thompson's comment, "One person's



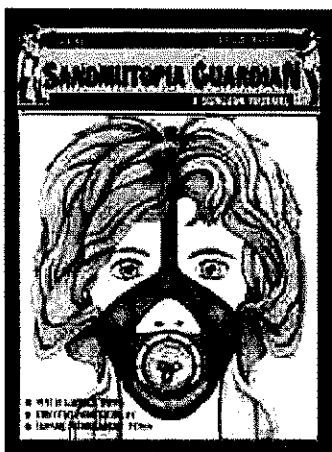
#7 Jay Marston

eroticism is another person's belly laugh."). Then, after we'd run through the major forms of SM play, the magazine would evolve into something more akin to Britannica's annuals: new kinds of toys, more information on different kinds of relationships and how to keep them alive, contracts for many occasions, etc.

What I never wrote or wanted to see written was any claim that this is the *only* way to have a Master/ or Mistress/slave relationship, to play Teacher and pupil, to Top or to bottom, to be involved in the SM world, to write a contract, or anything else ideological. I did not want to convey the idea that heavier is better, lighter is better, only wimps do bondage, only Lesbians do X, gay men never do Y ... etc. What I wanted was a wide-ranging forum that did not so much define SM for the readers as offer them ways of looking at how other people were doing some things so they could develop the variations on the themes that most appealed to them. I figured if someone as knowledgeable as Cynthia Slater, founder of the Society of Janus, would not define SM for that organization, then I certainly wasn't going to claim omniscience.

I think it mostly worked, and I'm very proud of what *The Guardian* was while I was editor. And overall I'm content with how it's evolved through its changes in ownership and, of course, of vision.

So, what have I done



#9 by Karin Conover

lately? Not a whole heck of a lot, sad to say. A variety of health problems has interfered with my using my energy and creativity as I used to. I just don't have the stamina to party all night, or even till midnight!! (Don't look now, folks, but I'm not the only one!!)

I operated "Womanlink" for the 10 years of its life and laid it down in October 1997 because of "failure to thrive." Its documents have gone to the Leather Archive & Museum, a fitting resting place.

Somewhere in there I was asked to contribute an article to *Leatherfolk* (an anthology of essays edited by Mark Thompson for Alyson Press), and that article is used in the class reader of the human sexuality course at San Francisco State University as an introduction to consensual sexual sadomasochism. It's one of my writings of which I'm most proud.

What am I doing next? I'm not sure right now. When I first came to Berkeley, I used to conduct "highlights of history" tours of the South Campus area for people who were visiting the Berkeley Free Clinic, where I worked. I was in my early thirties and was perceived by Mary and Marvin Middleclass as a hippie. (Maybe I was). I had earned a living as a registered nurse, repaired esoteric electronic equipment, run an office, worked in a print shop, managed a hotel in New York City ... And in addition to the tours, I was teaching the clinic's volunteers how to manage drug-related emergencies.

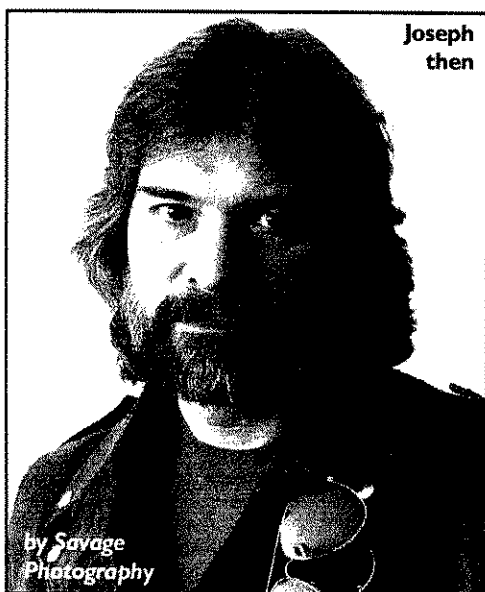
These visitors' most frequent question, given that what they were apparently seeing as a walking female paradox (or is that pair of ducks?) was, "What do you expect to be doing when you're 60?" My answer then was, "I haven't the foggiest idea, but I'm sure I'll be having a good time." And here it is 27 years later and the answer holds, except now I'm thinking in terms of what I'll be doing when I'm 80. ❖



Editor Truscott as depicted by B.N.Duncan

# Reluctant Guardian

by Joseph Bean



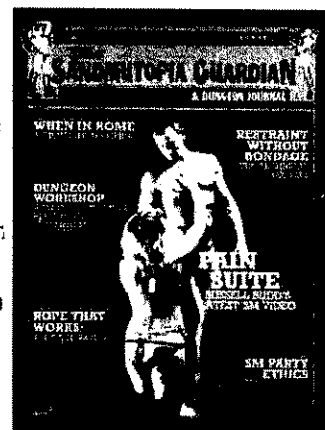
I've been writing, editing and working in publication for about 30 years, and I still choke up when I'm writing about myself, writing from memory ... saying anything about what I think or what I've done. But, if you want to know about *The Sandmutopian Guardian* in the "before" times, I was one of the people who was there, and I suppose my perspective is different from the views of the editors or publishers. I was the managing editor of *The Guardian*, which we abbreviated *SMG* around the office, from Issue 7 to Issue 10. (January 1990 through October 1992). You'd expect more than four issues in that time, and we always thought that there would be more too, but it didn't happen that way.

Besides the four-issue, three-year stint on the masthead as managing editor, I freelanced earlier (proofing and such starting with Issue 5) and helped out after (lending advice and some practical help through Issue 13).

In a way, *The Guardian* (it was the "Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal" at the time), was like a red-headed stepchild around Desmodus. Everything else we published was for gay male readers. *The Guardian* was for *any and all* kinky readers. *Drummer*, *Mach*, *Foreskin Quarterly* and, eventually, *Tough Customers* were all erotic reading, obviously meant as one-handed reading and sexual contact avenues for kinky gay men.

*DungeonMaster* was a little different. With its emphasis on how-to SM articles, it was a bit related to *The Guardian*, but *only* a bit. It was, after all, for men who did SM with men, and I knew a lot of guys were still getting hot from it and cruising the classifieds more than they were learning from the how-tos.

So, *The Guardian* was the "other" thing we did. Like *DungeonMaster*, it was edited from outside the office, but it was compiled and composed for printing *in* the office, and we had to resist the easy path of illustrating and filling in with pictures of men. I mean we had plenty of pictures of men, relevant and good pictures, too, but we had to resist using most of them. The readers reacted rather badly whenever men were featured in the magazine except in the most careful ways, and sales suffered very noticeably if we put a man on the cover unless he was clearly submissive to an also-depicted woman. When I arrived there were mountains of copies of Issue 2. Why? The only explanation anyone had was the cover with JimEd Thompson, clearly dominant over a female sub. That cover and a trickle of complaint letters about other male appearances taught Desmodus a lesson which I inherited and wrestled with issue by issue.



#2 by Russell Budd

Fortunately, the various leather communities are taking the concept of pansexuality more to heart in the late '90s. The current publishers of *The Guardian* don't see any real problem about having men, even gay men in the pages of the magazine. But it was a problem we had to consider back then. A man alone, like the model for "Getting Yourself High" by Lady Jane in Issue 8, was OK. Even then, I think, it was really only because he was seen visually as the bottom, even though the text made it perfectly clear there was no fem-dom in the wings using or torturing him.



# 8 Mike West

The other problem we had with *The Guardian* and with no other Desmodus publication was tits! The models in all our male magazines could be as bare-chested as they



#6 Nina Durst

picture on that cover shows a man accompanying Nina Durst in a decorated car. He's not really bare-chested, which we thought of as a good thing. Durst, on the other hand was proudly letting her assets hang out in the fresh air. We had to cover up her nipples with tiny little labels to get the magazine distributed. Men's nipples, especially bottom-boy nipples, were fine... even if many readers wished there had been no men in *The Guardian* at all!

Maybe there would have been more issues of *The Guardian* if we could have counted on selling more copies of each issue. This was another aspect of the red-headed stepchild issue though. Our retailers were a mixed bag. Anyone who sold sexual material of any sort might be on the list-but they expected gay male material from us and put the Desmodus magazines in the racks with other gay male titles. This was often because the shops were geared to gay men more than the emerging pansexual market. Anyway, the effect was not so good. Besides, Desmodus probably didn't have the strongest presence in the distribution channels and retail slots that were not primarily gay-male. So, *Guardian* sales suffered and we were too small a company to work effectively against it. The alternative was to "go with the flow" which meant mostly putting our always very limited resources into the publications we knew we could sell. Being a relatively weird gay man myself, I was always glad... no, more... I was always proud — to be working on *The Guardian*, but I doubted very seriously that it would ever grow up to be the publication it had every right to be as long as it was in the hands of a group of gay men with a well-developed gay-market network and all that that implies. Naturally, when we were having trouble getting around to actually publishing *The Guardian*, I was glad to hear that the State of California's job re-training program, under its disability administration, was ready to purchase *The Guardian* as an alternative career for Victoria Baker. By that time, December 1991, Victoria was the editor of the

wanted to be. In fact, they were as bare all over as possible, but not in *Guardian*. Perhaps the strangest moment in this regard came when we were doing the cover for Issue 6 and we wanted to use a Pride Parade picture. You'd think that anything that could roll down the street of a major metropolis could also be sold on the newsstands. Wrong! The

magazine and doing, in my opinion, a very fine job with it. Letting the state buy the magazine would mean giving it the best possible chance of becoming all that it could, and should be. Before that sale went through, however, Tony DeBlase began negotiations that ended in him selling *all* of Desmodus to Martijn Bakker. I was sure that Martijn and/or Tony would still shepherd the sale of *The Guardian* through, and I thought I was right. After all, the new Desmodus would still be a gay male company. I was wrong! At quite literally the last minute, Bakker pulled the plug on the sale, apparently with Tony's approval. *The Guardian* would, it seemed, continue to be produced in circumstances foreign to its purposes.

Pansexuality eventually hit the Desmodus offices at a very bizarre angle. Soon *Drummer*-the godfather of all magazines for gay leathermen-was being edited by Wickie Stamps, a woman. Then Pat Califia, an extremely capable writer and editor, was brought in to handle, among other things, the editing of *The Guardian*. By then (Issue 15 in February 1994) I had been gone from Desmodus for a while, but I was still watching over my "children." After all, I had marshaled *Drummer* from destruction (after the Loma Prieta earthquake in 1989) to wobbly life. I had created and built *Tough Customers*. I continued to make *Mach* long after I left the Desmodus, fold. I had, or felt I had, a proprietary connection to all the Desmodus publications. I had made what now seemed an unnecessarily valiant attempt to rescue *The Guardian* and put it in the right and most protective hands. So, I continued to watch and to care what happened.



Joseph & the late Warren West

By the time Pat had edited three issues she was moving on. The red-headed stepchild was, in a sense, being left to fend for itself among "relatives" who were giving it little attention. Eventually, I had the very great and distinct pleasure of being, if only marginally, involved in seeing to it that both *DungeonMaster* and *The SandmUtopia*

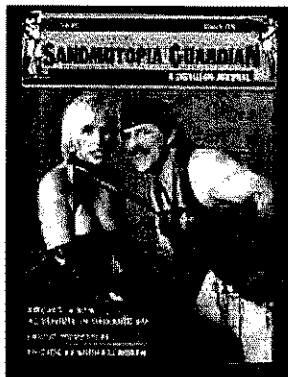
continued on pg 14

# The Second Time Around

## A New Editor Signs On - 1992

by Victoria Baker

I was asked to become the second editor of *SMG* when Martijn Bakker (no relation) bought Desmodus Publications in 1992. The magazine had been on hiatus



#10 Carol Queen & Robert Lawrence

for quite some time, and the new publisher wanted a different editor. Carol Truscott, the first editor, was a friend, and I regretted that her loss was my gain.

I leapt into the job very happily. Since 1984 my life had been dedicated to SM/leather community organizing and education.



Victoria then

in San Francisco, and I had been an early supporter and organizer of the National Leather Association. My lover for several of those years was a whipmaker and designer of toys; we had spent long hours talking to players from many walks of life.

I edited five issues. The feedback I got from the readership was extremely supportive. I pored over every word that I published

I had read every book that was available. I was in the habit of discussing the questions and issues that came up in my play with a group of friends, most of whom were involved in SM education and publishing. I was the Program Director for the Outcasts, the (now defunct) women's group



#11 Fashia Fontaine & Fakir Musafar

## Joseph Bean

continued from pg 13

*Guardian* were rescued and delivered into better circumstances. The history of *The Guardian* by then was a dismal mess if you looked at the timing and frequency of publication or the raw number of issues published over the eight years of its life at Desmodus: just 17 issues, or an average of two and one-eighth magazines per year! But I could still feel good, and still do, by looking instead at the content of the scattered issues. Where else could actual community news of other than gay-male interest have been found? *The Leather Journal*? Sometimes, but it was just starting then, too. And, who else would have published how-to articles on female genitorture? What other publication would have

given whip-maker Jay Marston the attention she deserved? How but through *The Guardian* would the emergence of the pansexual idea of SM ever have seen the light? Granted, there were scraps elsewhere ... but *The Guardian* was the real hope for a pansexual news and non-fiction magazine. A hope only recently being properly answered by its current publishers.

Looking back, it's a wonder that *The Guardian* survived at all, but it has hung in there with the tenacious grip of a perennial weed, regularly surprising everyone with bloom after bloom despite being always pretty much reluctantly tended. That's until now. Mitch and Gerrie have no other agendas to

pursue in publishing, no conflicting urges to satisfy. So, if *The Guardian* has had to live until recently as a weed, it has grown up to be a shrub — however much unexpectedly — with a good and appreciative home. And, through it all, with an impossible regularity, despite changes in publishers and editors... and managing editors, too... *The Guardian* has served its readers and their interests. Never better than it does today; but never unfaithfully at any time. Among the many magazines I have founded, published, edited and written for, there are none of which I am prouder than I am of my never-central, but always caring involvement with *The Guardian*. ♦

(Joseph Bean is now the head of the Leather Archives & Museum in Chicago and remains a friend of *The Guardian*)

to make sure it contained accurate information, as I took my role and the role of the magazine as a technical journal very seriously. One of my goals was to create a forum for

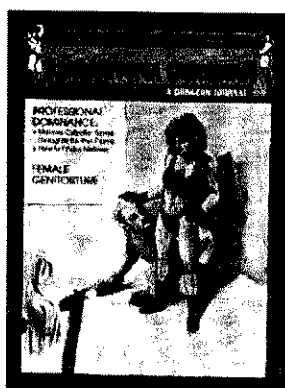


#12 Jacynth Astarin, Arin RedDog, Gary Gilmour, Wolfie

exchange of ideas, another was to bring old and new leather approaches into an understanding and appreciation of one another, and a third was to continue the magazine's West Coast sensibility. I'm proud of the work I did. The publisher, however, was not set up to support a pansexual magazine. Because I was aware that Issue #14 might be my last, I devoted that editorial column to my heroes in the community. I regret that I did not make a more formal farewell, but I had remained

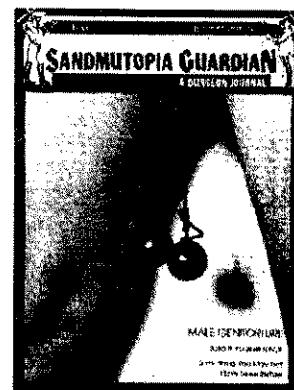
hopeful I might continue. The day I delivered my invoice for Issue #14, I was told my services were no longer required. I was told they had decided to call in "the big guns," and that Pat Califia would be the new editor; I wished them luck. The rest, of course, is history.

One interesting note is that Joseph Bean, who was



#13 by B. Rieben

made on the Internet, a newer medium of interaction for the community. ❖



#14 by Stephen Sutton

(too briefly) my managing editor at Desmodus, introduced me to an artist who began doing work for *The Guardian*. That artist and I have since gotten married. I now live in rural northern California, tending my garden. I write indexes for books and do some editing. I'm planning my first novel. I have many friends and lovers. I enjoy the connections I've

## One More Time Pat Califia Takes the Helm - 1994



#15 Amanda Wyldfyre  
by Barry

Dear Gerrie:

Congratulations on the 10th anniversary of *The Guardian*.

Unfortunately, I am out of town right now caring for a family member who is ill. So I'm having trouble meeting deadlines I've already made a commitment to complete. And I'm not sure when I will be back home in my own office and working environment. It doesn't seem practical to ask you to hold space for me.

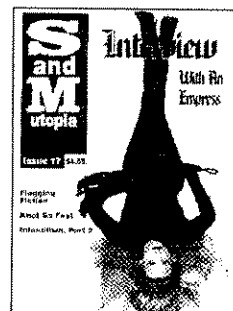
But I really do appreciate being remembered and asked. And I hope it's the best issue ever.

Best wishes,

Pat Califia



#16 Michael Saint  
by M. Fazarkerly



#17 Empress Eisanna  
by Jamais Cascio



# Unintended Consequences

*Changes I have witnessed in recent years*

*by Guy Baldwin*

In the ten years or so that this publication has been in existence, the SM/DS scene has definitely undergone some fascinating changes, but none more so than its tremendous growth. Certainly the easiest measure of that growth is the proliferation of venues in which we can come together for contact with each other, but there are other indicators as well. We now have an increasingly well-developed literature: new publishing houses have sprung up which offer a wide variety of non-fiction materials to read; new periodicals have been developed; the array of vendors has expanded; and on-line resources have simply exploded.

I'm not sure whether this means there are simply more of us into these erotic styles of expression and exploration, or that more of us are "out" about it now than there were before, but it does seem likely that both are true.

Without carefully conducted research which no one is willing to fund yet, we just can't know for sure. But it sure does "feel" like there are more of us than ten years ago, and that as a group, we are participating more in *The Life*. So far, so good.

Some of us who have been

in *The Life* for a long while have worked hard to make it more available, more accessible, more interesting, more fun, and easier to learn about; the tent flaps have been raised and the doors are open in ways that weren't true a decade ago. For me, an

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*... men and women who have abusive personalities ... have found their way into the kink world and are behaving in ways I consider to be abusive...*

---

examination of the details of how that has all happened is much less important than is an examination of the consequences.

Any sort of "progress," whether technological or social makes messes. The Soviet nuclear program was very aggressive but created an ecological nightmare; the "progressive" housing experiments of the '60's in this country gave us the "Projects" which created a sociological nightmare from which we are still recovering. The *Law of Unintended Consequences* tells us that when we do something there are results that we did not anticipate. Sometimes those results are happy ones, and sometimes not. And while it

is both tempting and easy to conveniently ignore the unhappy results as the Soviets tried to do, I think we do that at our peril. It is important for us to clean up after ourselves, or soon *The House of Kink* may be at risk of decay from within.

Of late, the issue that has my particular attention is the *FACT* that in our zeal to engage in unrestrained boosterism for kinky sex and erotic explorations, *The Life* has become a haven and refuge for thinly disguised abusers.

Because I am a gay leatherman and move primarily in that world, my opportunities to get a good look at my heterosexual counterparts are only intermittent. I often feel like an anthropologist who only visits a culture every now and then, rather than one who lives in it for an extended period of time. In some ways, this allows me to become quickly aware of large changes which kinky heterosexuals, themselves, may perceive only very slowly, if at all.

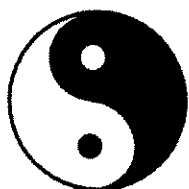
In the last two years especially, I have noticed that the incidence of phone calls I get in which I am asked for advice about this issue have increased dramatically, and I am very troubled about it. It boils down to this: both men and women who have abusive personalities seem to have found their way into the kink world and are behaving in ways I consider to be abusive under the guise of SM/DS "explorations." Simple viciousness sometimes masquerades as SM; emotional cruelty as "dominance." And people are getting hurt, both physically and psychologically in ways that



don't feel good to the victims.

Call me "old-fashioned" if you wish, but in my history, SM was supposed to feel good for everyone involved, and when it did not, that was taken as a sign that something was amiss. It has always been my position that these sexualities must add something of value to our lives, and not subtract from them. That's the way it operates in my life today, and that's how I want it to be for the rest of my life.

Eastern religions and philosophies have taught me that anything that is powerful can create in exact proportion to which it can destroy. I can't imagine why the power of SM/DS would *not* behave according to the laws of this ancient wisdom.



It has become my impression that these abusive personalities have taken up residence primarily in the part of our world mainly occupied by those interested in 24/7 Master/slave relationships, and it makes sense that this is where they would most likely be found, though not exclusively so. In the Master/slave world, the usual objective is "No-limits, No-rights, No-considerations, No-release". Granted, this objective is only very rarely achieved, but it does often set the tone of the relationship. Even the casual participant in SM/DS will immediately see that Master/slave dynamics are ripe for the dark exploitations of people with abusive per-

sonalities.

So, what is to be done?

**First:** those among us in a position to influence the educational curricula concerned with SM/DS issues must be willing to include programs that deal with Master/slave relationships in a no-nonsense way.

**Second:** our support and education organizations might consider the establishment of official "crisis teams" to respond to emergency situations as they happen.

**Third:** it is time to expand our discussions of erotic ethics.

**Fourth:** those who have submissive wiring need to be equipped with skills needed to differentiate abusers from dominants and sadists.

**Fifth:** local shelters with battering programs need to be educated about SM/DS.

**Sixth:** local law-enforcement and district attorney's offices need the same education.

**Seventh:** when patterns of abuse become apparent, the local communities need to determine an appropriate response.

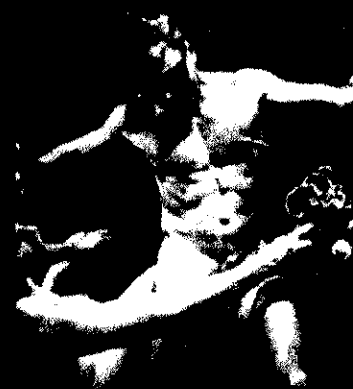
**Eighth:** we must do our best to become unafraid to deal with abusers in fair-minded ways, lest we become abusers ourselves. These people need help.

I would hope that in ten years we can all look back with pride at our courage to persist with the refinement of our awareness of *all* the realities of the SM/DS world. These sexualities are truly remarkable for what they can give to our lives, and we will all do better when we can keep our eyes on the

prize ... the freedom to grow erotically ... to grow as human beings ... to love each other in more exciting and fulfilling ways. We have done well, but our work is unfinished; not only must we move ahead, but also to be willing to make the corrections as we go forward with more awareness, and more love in our hearts. ♦

*(Guy Baldwin, M.S. is a psychotherapist who has worked extensively with those on the sexual frontiers. He is the author of **Ties That Bind**, a collection of his essays on the Leather/SM/fetish erotic style. He is also a featured columnist for [www.Leathernavigator.com](http://www.Leathernavigator.com)) In 1989, he served concurrently as the 11th International Mr. Leather, and Mr. National Leather Assn.)*

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# Bringin' it all Back Home

## A Look at our "Leather Nation"

by Sybil Holiday, CSSE  
and William A. Henkin, PhD.

Leather Nation actually got organized in many parts of the country at about the same time, and Leatherworld was in full swing long before anyone tried to organize it anyway, as numerous essays in Mark Thompson's *Leatherfolk* make clear. But to this day, many people here on the Left Coast still think that Folsom Street of the 1970s was the heart of this particular country, and that San Francisco holds rightful title as the place where the SM community really got its start.

Whether those people are right or not, San Francisco certainly was the closest thing to a real live S & M utopia anybody in this city talked about for years, and when the *Sandmutoxia Guardian* and *Dungeon Journal* began here as a pansexual spin-off from the gay male *DungeonMaster*, Sybil



#1 by Michael Rosen

of the 1980s. She was an original member and early officer in the Outcasts, the woman-to-woman SM organization that grew up after Samois, and, from 1985 through 1990, she was co-host of the Serpent Mountain Scenes mixed play parties. When we met in April, 1988, Bill was a licensed psychotherapist with a special concern for people

Holiday's was one of four faces — along with those of Cléo Dubois, Mistress Amber, and a blissed-out boy (the late Steve Weber) — in the Michael Rosen photograph that graced the cover of Issue # 1.

A thoughtful and widely respected woman, Sybil became a prominent figure in the Bay Area leather communi-

ty living alternate sex and gender lifestyles, a former university instructor, and a widely-published author. One of his books, on psychic healing, had a basis in energy work that closely approximated the energy exchange that informed Sybil's SM, and in 1991, when we made a presentation for the Outcasts, Bill discovered that his book was better known in the SM community than anywhere else he had been previously. We formed a romantic and erotic bond that lasted nine years, a professional bond that still endures, and a passionate personal bond that is and will always be a powerful force in both our lives.

Our first public appearance together — other than at parties, Society of Janus meetings, and other community functions —

was at the National Conference of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex (now Sexuality), also known as "Quad-Ess," in, 1988. After speaking to a couple of hundred doctors, psychotherapists,

and sex educators about SM, it seemed appropriate to publish what we'd said, and Carol Truscott, the magazine's first editor, published our written talk, "Erotic Power Play," in Issues 9 and 10 of *The Guardian*.

A couple of years later, Desmodus, the entity first responsible for publishing *DungeonMaster* and *The Guardian*, went through some internal changes and, in the process, hired Victoria Baker — who a few years later would be the copy editor on our book — as *The Guardian's* second editor. In Issue 13, Victoria published an article Sybil wrote chiefly for female tops on becoming a professional



The Authors, enjoying the "fruits of their labors."

Photo by Liz Highleyman

dominant, and the corresponding essay directed at novice male submissives about finding a professional dominant, which Bill wrote under the name "Uncle Wiggly."

Desmodus went through some more changes, and *The Guardian* brought in Pat Califia to be the magazine's third editor. In Issues 16 and 17 Pat serialized our essay, "It's Never Too Late to Have a Happy Childhood: Infantilism and Erotic Age Regression," which Race Bannon later made available as a monograph in a somewhat amended form.

As of 1994, in other words, we had written for every editor *The Guardian* had ever had. The reason was not simply that we knew Carol, Victoria, and Pat personally: we actually had things to say to our community that made sense in the context of Leather Nation at that time. In the same period we also made presentations at Leatherfest, Living in Leather, Threshold, and all our local clubs; we spoke about SM at several additional national conferences of therapists and a couple of national transgendered events; we spoke to college and graduate school classes, we were interviewed for magazines and books, and we appeared in a documentary video and on several radio shows. We were a small myth in the belly of a large one. But having *The Guardian* in our own back yard made it easier to speak to and be part of the Leatherworld in the widest sense both because we did hob-nob with the editors and could chat informally about ideas we or they had, and because, unlike other media, print does not disappear when the lights go out: for better and for worse, the printed word remains.

But as times were changing so was Leather Nation changing right along with them. In 1995 Mitch and Gerrie bought *The Guardian*, moved it east, adjusted its name ever so slightly to make it more holistically a part of the expanding UtopiaN Network, and adjusted the focus of the magazine to reflect their interests as its owners and editors. It was easy in San Francisco to mourn the passing of *The Guardian* to its new incarnation, but some part of that mourning had to do with the passing of a torch as well: San Francisco may or may not have once been the hub of Leather Nation, but increasingly there was no longer one leather community anywhere, anyway. Instead, as Gayle Rubin has noted, there were many leather communities, and there really ceased to be a single center. Leather Nation had become a far-flung empire

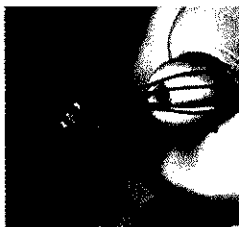
with outposts everywhere.

We too have changed. Although we are no longer primary partners we have, expanded our horizons rather than losing sight of them. We are both involved in new, satisfying relationships that do not diminish our loving, abiding friendship. Sybil has become a certified clinical hypnotherapist and an ordained minister, and expanded her counseling practice accordingly. Along with his psychotherapy practice and teaching responsibilities at two graduate schools, Bill has begun work on a new book of his own, and has agreed to edit James Williams' first collection of stories for Daedalus Publishing Company.

For Leather Nation and for us, was all this change a Good Thing? The River flows and we cannot but flow with it. Part of the special delight we find in being invited to contribute to the celebratory 30th issue of *The SandMUTopian Guardian* is, of course, the opportunity to speak to Leather Nation in this venue once more. And part of it must be that, once again, we have written for all the editors *The Guardian* has ever had. ❖

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\$6 discount for two books, \$12 discount for three. Add shipping \$5 per order. CA residents add tax, \$2 per book. Shaynew Press Dept G, POB 425221, San Francisco, CA 94142. See more photographs at [www.shaynew.com](http://www.shaynew.com)!

# Stormy Leather:

## The years just zip by!

by Kathy Andrew

**C**ongratulations to the *Sandmutopia Guardian* on its 10th Anniversary. 1998 also is Stormy Leather's 15th Anniversary.

I started Stormy Leather because I loved to sew and I was into S/M and leather. I had been working in a couple of the gay men's leather stores in San Francisco. At that time, no-one was designing anything for women. It was still the era of Leather Dykes being frowned on by much of the lesbian community.

In just seven years, I went from an "intimate" basement space (i.e. small!) on Noe Street in the Castro, where I did wholesale and custom work to our present location at 1158 Howard Street. From the beginning, I wanted to reach beyond the gay community to be inclusive of all sexualities. Today that is part of what makes the Stormy Leather retail store in San Francisco both unique and successful. Susie Bright, then store manager at Good Vibrations, gave me my first wholesale order in 1983: Good Vibrations continues to be our best wholesale customer today. I have very fond memories of so many customers from that period that were part of the small, but growing S/M community. It was also a period where unrestricted sex was openly playful, without the knowledge of the dangers from AIDS that was soon to be upon us.

I was convinced that there was a need for a high quality store with an emphasis on women's clothing, a kind of one stop-shopping-sex emporium. I think I have been

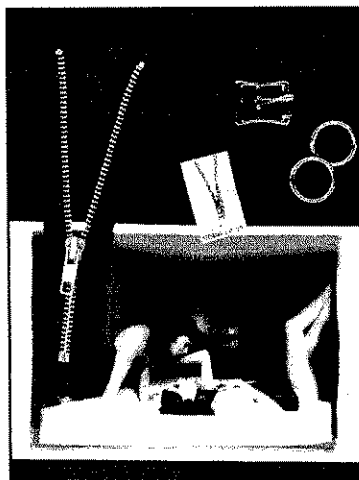
proven right. When our Retail Store opened its doors in 1990 I still remember the bouquet I received that day from the Society of Janus.

The workshop and store shared the same building for the next four years, separated by chain-link fences. Store customers would peek over the fences to watch the "leather elves" surrounded by hides of leather, tools & machinery. It was very exciting for me to watch the business grow and in 1994 we were "forced" to expand the Workshop and the Store.

It was then that the store really came into its own and I was able to fulfill my vision in making it the best fetish store in the country. It became a beautiful 2000 sq.ft. showroom with Italian lighting, hardwood floors and spacious dressing rooms. We were recently quoted in Skin Two as being "possibly the best fetish store we've ever seen". I believe there are two very strong reasons for its success. The first is that I believe competition and variety are healthy.

For this reason we don't limit ourselves purely to our own products. Half our inventory is from other quality vendors, which range from Adam & Gillian's Toys, the Toy Bag and Sara Lashes for toys, to Syren, Skin Two and Versatile Fashions for clothing. We are constantly seeking new, quality craftspeople.

The second reason is our staff. We pride ourselves on our excellent customer service, and in a recent customer survey, both staff knowl-



edge and helpfulness were rated "Excellent". Our product is specialized and therefore needs to be presented (particularly for the novice), in an informative but relaxed manner. We are the antithesis of the quick hard sell. It is not unusual for a staff member to spend a great deal of time with a customer helping to

make the right choices. We also recognize that as our products are of high quality and are not inexpensive. We believe that our customers therefore deserve the best service possible. In addition, we place a high emphasis on educating our customers, whether it be in S/M toys or bondage equipment or care of latex clothing.

We have a web site where you can find out where to buy our products if you can't visit us in person. ([www.stormyleather.com](http://www.stormyleather.com)) And we are moving forward with doing on line mail-order. This should be by August and will initially be toys only. We plan to expand to include garments as well.

After 15 years I am still proud to say that we highly value being a visible member of the S/M Community, contributing in many ways including donations and leather auction items on a yearlong basis. Stormy Leather's 15th Anniversary Party will be a benefit for the Women's Cancer Resource Center. I hope you will join me and my wonderfully loyal, dedicated employees, in celebration of the 15 most memorable years of my life. Thanks everyone, and see you on October 9th!

*(Stormy has been long-time advertiser in The Guardian, and a valuable customer of Adam and Gillian since '90. See their ad on page 33)*

# I'm Not a Jailbird Yet!

## Freedom's Not a Dirty Word

by Brenda Loew

(Originally written: July 16, 1997 Boston, MA)

For more than three years, the General Public has deliberately been kept uninformed and ignorant about Federal Law 18 USC 2257 — The Child Protection Restoration and Penalties Enhancement Act, aka the Record Keeping Requirements Law, which became law on July 5, 1995. The question is Why?

As you may have guessed, 18 USC 2257 was created, allegedly, to protect children from criminal acts of sexual abuse. In reality, the law trashes freedom of sexual self-expression for consenting adults.

In a nutshell, it forces all producers of adult materials to compile and maintain lists of the names, aliases, addresses, ages and so on of consenting adults engaging in so-called "real sex" and to turn this information over to the FBI or Attorney General's office without a warrant, without probable cause, for no reason whatsoever, "at any reasonable time, upon request." Real sex is whatever the government decides it is because the language of this law is so unclear. We may not be able to see any actual masturbation, insertion or penetration ... but if the government decides it's there, it's there! Even photos of sexy senior citizens hugging each other require that records be kept. Fun-loving consenting adults engaging in recreational, non-procreative sex acts are being placed in the same category as criminal racketeers.

As publisher of EIDOS Magazine, an independent grassroots sex-zine not owned or controlled by the commercial adult industry or by the

mainstream press, I do not recognize the legitimacy of this federal law.

Since its enactment, I have publicly refused to comply with its requirements. I have published photos of a man performing cunnilingus on a nude woman sprawled across a table. I don't know who the people in the photos are and I have no intention of ever finding out.

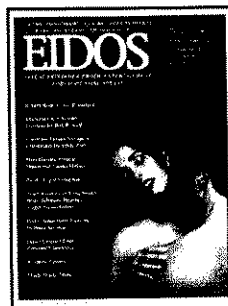
The law also requires publishers to obtain copies of birth certificates, drivers licenses and passports from these same consenting adults.

I refuse to act as an informant or spy for the government. I refuse to hand over private information the government can't obtain otherwise.

What's more, 18 USC 2257 makes it illegal for me to use a post office box as my official business address. Publishers must publicly reveal their actual street locations where federal agents from the FBI or Attorney General's office can easily find them.

In today's climate of right wing violence, I refuse to disclose my whereabouts or otherwise jeopardize my personal safety. I could be stalked, harassed, firebombed or murdered by a crazed anti-sex lunatic.

Not surprisingly, this law was originally introduced by anti-gay, anti-arts Senator Jesse Helms (R-NC) — a chief architect of the Human Life Amendment establishing personhood for the fetus from the moment of conception and, "perhaps the contemporary political figure most thoroughly identified with the Christian Right." (Nazis, Communists, Klansmen, and Others on



the Fringe: Political Extremism in America. George & Wilcox. Prometheus Books. pp 246-7.) Imagine America's revolutionary founding patriots, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and others, blindly obeying, conforming and submitting to the laws of their oppressors!

The reality is 18 USC 2257 guts the First, Fourth and Fifth Amendment rights of consenting adults to speech and press freedoms, personal sexual privacy rights and the right to be free from self-incrimination. It's a piece of totally un-American legislation that smacks of McCarthyism. Therefore, I am still continuing to claim and assert my constitutional right to publish EIDOS Magazine, as an act of civil disobedience, fully aware that non-compliance is a felony punishable by fines and imprisonment of up to two years for the first offense and up to five years for subsequent offenses. To my knowledge, the sex police have not actually arrested, imprisoned or fined anyone for violating this law. I'm not a jailbird yet.

But the Feds would be well within their legal rights to arrest me.

For my intense belief in our Constitutional rights, some have called me "crazy." Others wonder if I am on a kamikaze mission. All I can say is that speech, press and privacy rights should neither be chilled nor suspended for any image of pleasurable sexual activity freely engaged in by consenting adults.

I will never be a handmaiden for Jesse Helms and the Christian Right. Because for me, "Freedom" is not a dirty word!

(Brenda Loew has published EIDOS [Everyone Is Doing Outrageous Sex] Magazine since 1984. It promotes freedom of sexual expression for consenting adults who value individual liberty, first amendment freedoms and privacy rights. See their ad on page 27.)

# My Relations with The Sandmutopia Guardian

by B.N. Duncan

The third editor, Pat Califia, didn't show the spirit of fun and gaiety she'd shown at Society of Janus meetings I'd seen her at in the late 70's. (In the '70s, Janus members were

**S**ome time in the mid-80's, in an issue of the Society of Janus newsletter, *Growing Pains*, I saw an announcement from Carol Truscott for an upcoming publication for the S/M community, to be called *The Sandmutopia Guardian*. Truscott saw this magazine as mainly for tops, and she would be the big-honcho editor.

She requested works of writing, art, etc.,. I wrote to her sending a copy of *Top Comedy and Bottom Burlesque* (a self-published book of cartoons about S/M) as an example of work I'd done. She replied, "your work sold itself," and that she was open to considering new cartoons of mine.

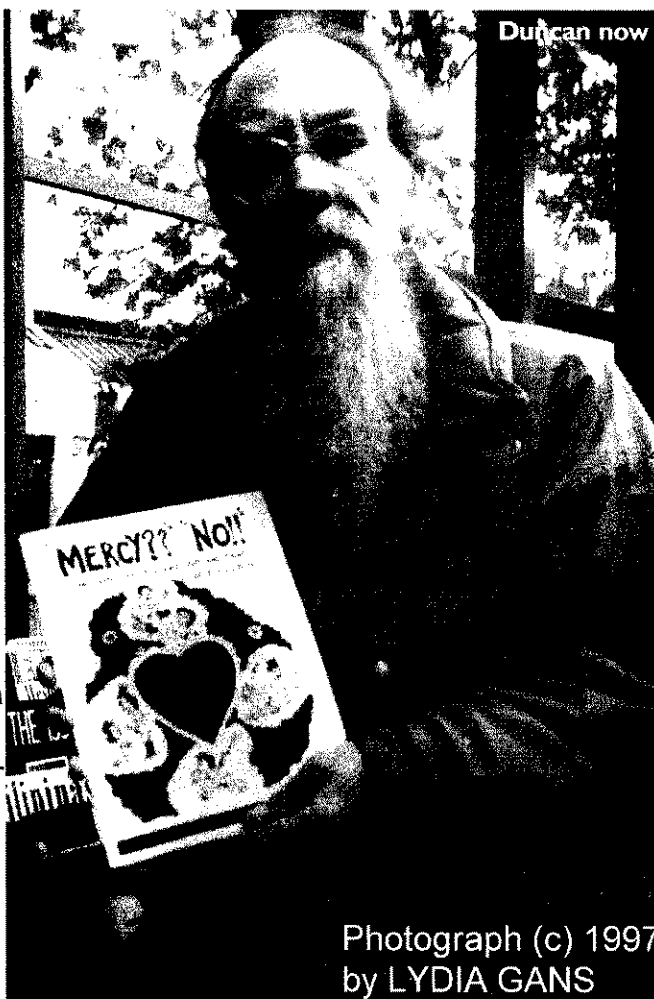
Over the years, I was in touch with three successive *SMG* editors: Carol Truscott, Victoria Baker, and Pat Califia. I got into many issues under Carol Truscott. For drawing cartoons for *SMG*, I got a free subscription, but no money.

Under Carol Truscott, some front-cover photographs of *SMG* are very inviting, and have real human-sentiment interest and appeal to curiosity: both anthropological and humanist appeal. Those cover photos projected the image that the S/M world is a wondrous realm with its own "outlaw" rules and procedures but where people are very much recognizably and reassuringly people. I wish that a lot more writing had been published

about psychological and spiritual aspects of S/M.

As I continued to draw cartoons, I developed more of an actual vision of humanity within the context of the subject of S/M. I used to go in for a lot of corny puns. I got more into meanings beneath the surface of what's going on between people. Also the plays on words became more sophisticated. I came to be aware of a perspective I have on human critters: they're very incomplete, imperfect, faulty and often contradict themselves, while they have an amazing ability for cooperation.

The next *SMG* editor was Victoria Baker, who had a rather runny nosed outlook on life, judging from the introduction she wrote about herself. She used a cartoon by me to illustrate a feature about gay men and lesbians having sex and S/M together, as a special phenomenon that could look heterosexual but is actually "queer sex," as she put it.



more like a motley band of cheerful on-the-fringe characters who were both rollicking renegades and socially positive people.) I wonder if Pat Califia was a bit worn and wounded from feuds among alternative-sexuality people; some of these people can get really antagonistic over their differing views.

There came a time when I received an announcement in the mail that *SMG* gets a new publisher — a new regime — and from now on, I must pay money for a subscription to



keep getting issues, which as a poverty-stricken artist I couldn't do. By their complete silence about my work, the new bosses at *SMG* implied that they couldn't care less about getting cartoons from me, or about the fact that I had already contributed often (for no money.) I was simply written off.

For many years I drew cartoons to try to please the S/M community, which has an orthodoxy (certainly in theory) of "P.C.", "feminism", and so on. In the last several years, I've taken to often drawing cartoons that are just about my own trip of personal desire and fantasy, whereby a man dominates and punishes a woman (gives her corporal punishment, etc.) for being a woman. (I have deeply ingrained misogyny from having had an abusive, anti-male, power-tripping, castrating mother as an infant, child, and youth.)

As part of my new direction, I draw myself as the sadist in some cartoons. I hope to self-publish a book or two of my male-supremacy cartoons.

The 1997 *SMG* Issue #26 mailed to me, is distinctly tamer than in the Carol Truscott days. Of course, a great many people are more scared and conservative in this society than they once were. Intolerance and hard-nosed attitudes are more prevalent and many people can't help being swept up in the tide of fear and hopefully protective blandness.

Drawing for *SMG* has been a real mental adventure. It's a privilege and joy for me to take part in my own way in the causes for freedom in sexuality and

in art. ❖

*(B.N. Duncan is a "fixture" of the Berkeley, CA community and works at his art. We will see more of his cartoons in future *Guardians*)*

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# Finding a Houseboy

by L. Antoniou and K. Taylor

There comes a time in the lives of most two-career adults when the couple looks at each other, and wishes there was . . . a houseboy. Or maid. Or some sort of support to keep the house clean and have coffee ready in the morning.

Polish the boots and put the sex toys away. Normally, those wishes stop right there. But when the couple is lesbian, a persistent myth dangles enticingly in your periferal vision. The Guy Who Loves to Clean House. (Suitably attired, of course.)

Everyone knows one — or says that they do. Hell, half the kinky girls we know have either had one, or seen one, or at least had a friend who had a friend who had one. That man - they were almost always men - who so adored the idea of being a part of a female couple's life that he would gladly put his Donna Reed/butler outfit on and make that kitchen floor sparkle. Who would pour the port and offer soothing service at the end of a long day. People said he existed - they offered their sparkling windows as proof. Who were we to argue?

Well, there was a lot to argue against the very concept. After all, in this modern age of an SM club in every state, events practically every week, and thousands of people meeting each other online, no one should feel that they have to actually be in domestic service to have a good time. Potential for casual play is far too high. And of



those whose drive actually is toward domestic service, we would have to subtract the percentage of them who 1) want a monogamous relationship, 2) want a relationship that includes non-SM sexual contact, and 3) want a live-in position.

On the other hand, we figured we could offer a lot. We are both experienced and crafty players in our ways, and enjoy topping together. We knew we could provide a structured, challenging and occasionally vastly entertaining lifestyle for the right person. Since we weren't interested in a full-time/live-in arrangement, we were willing to work within an applicants schedule, allowing time for them to pay attention to the rest of their lives.

When we decided we were interested in finding a houseboy, we thought it over carefully and decided that it shouldn't be too hard in a city the size of NY.

Surely, in a town this big, with a scene so far reaching, it

would be a breeze!

The challenge began when we decided to advertise. As a lesbian couple, we knew that we would have dozens of inquiries from straight men who fantasized about "serving two leather-clad mistresses" (as one man persisted in referring to us) in various sexual ways. Well, our wardrobes run to office wear and jeans, and neither of us are tall, thin blondes. We can certainly get all dressed up for the right moment, but lounging in front of the TV or working at the desk does not really call for the chaps or the patent leather pumps.

Another problem was that of, well, star-fucking. The offers to serve that came so fast and furiously at leather conferences and contests seemed to be attached to a belief that Laura, author of the *Marketplace* series, lived like her characters. Seeing our average-sized apartment in Queens, where we do our own cooking or send out for pizza, would shatter any fantasy of multi-roomed suites with gourmet meals. Not to mention the fully equipped dungeon just off the master bedroom.

And, of course, there was the problem of the definition of "service." There is a persistent misperception that lesbians who want houseboys - of any gender - will be thrilled to have sex in front of their slaves, and then involve them so regularly in their sexual lives until they all live happily ever after, regardless of the gender/orientations involved.

We wanted a houseboy for cleaning. Toilets. Sinks. Carpets. Cat litter boxes. And only once or twice a month, at least at first. We were also open to other talents that an applicant might have - eating food that someone else cooked is always nice. Having a web site would be really neat. Our challenge was to make certain that potential houseboys clearly understood what we were looking for and ensuring that the position would provide enjoyment for the servant as well.

We decided to try an advertisement that clearly expressed our desire for a person who was interested in service first, sex second. We did not reveal our names, just our genders and orientations, so as to ensure no one would contact us just because of the name-value. And we made it clear that we were not professionals.

## The Creation of the Application

An application is a useful way to remove the "personal ad approach" to finding a servant. Several people who responded to our initial advertising told us their physical body type and heartfelt desire to "service and pleasure two women." Most of these approaches never turned into applicants, after they received the application. We deliberately designed the application to be more like a job application than a romantic/sexual listing. We hoped that the application would successfully weed out those who were fantasizing about a kinky sexual triangle, and encourage those who were serious about their commitment to service.

Our application was long and detailed. The only questions regarding physical descriptions were related to physical health. The primary focus was on ability to perform necessary household tasks. And because

we understood this relationship needed to be mutually beneficial, we asked a number of questions about the applicants' sexual desires and play experiences.

We also required the applications to be mailed back (that's right U.S. Post Office, not e-mail), as further indication of serious intent. We did not require photographs, but did let people know that if they were sent, we would return them.

## Application Questions

We organized the application into components. We placed no restrictions on length of answers, and created several questions that encouraged "essay answers."

**General Questions:** We requested the applicant's name, a non-electronic mailing address, phone number, current profession, academic/educational level, age, any current relationship information that would be important for us to know, gender/sexual identity while in service, amount of time available for service, and references.

**Physical information:** included smoking, drinking and drug habits as well as comfort level around others who do any of the above; physical limitations that we should know about (including allergies, since we have a cat). We did not ask questions about physical appearance, because it was not important to us.

And based on the number of responses we received from cross-dressers, the information would not have been very useful.

**Background/Experience:** this section was designed for us to learn more about the applicants' approach to service, S/M and D/S. We did our best to keep away from "yes/no" answers, and asked for descriptions of play experiences which were successful, and experiences that were not successful — and what made



them so. We wanted to know if applicants had any experience playing in public, or attending conferences and events. We also asked the applicants what they had read on the subject of service, and who their mentors/models were.

**Household Tasks:** We began this section with what we meant by "clean." While we are generally of the, "clean means surfaces are uncluttered," variety, once a year we do an intensive cleaning in preparation for Passover.

We wanted to get an idea of the skill level for general tasks (such as mopping the kitchen floor, making coffee, and running errands), experience in more complicated duties (such as serving at parties, setting a formal table, and cleaning a house thoroughly for Passover). But in addition, this section also asked questions that would give us an idea as to the applicants' ability to be flexible and creative. For instance, we asked: "Can you set a formal table? If not, and you were asked to do so, what would your strategy be in learning how?"

We also wanted to know if the applicant expected to be supervised during chores. This seemingly obvious question is actually very telling: we wanted a houseboy that would provide us good service because s/he was motivated to do so. If the person expected us to give constant supervision, we knew the motivation

continued on pg 26

# Finding a Houseboy

continued from pg 25

was to get attention, not to provide service.

We also wanted to know what the applicants considered rewards for a job well done, and punishments. Again, this was designed to find out whether the applicant would be motivated to do her/his job well, or whether they would "accidentally" mess up in order to get punished. (One of the applicants provided excellent responses: he gave us a list of "rewards," a list of "good punishments" and a list of "bad punishments.")

**Play Tasks:** We prefaced this section with a warning that, "Whatever Mistress Wants," or any variation of that answer would automatically result in a disqualification of the application. We wanted honest answers, not answers designed to please us. This was particularly important, as it began with sexual information. We asked how often the applicants would be expected to be used in a sexual way for the relationship to be satisfactory. If, "whatever Mistress wants" was used here, the applicant would be extremely disappointed.

We then asked questions regarding experience and skills in sucking cock and getting fucked. This was a deliberate move. We knew that straight men and lesbians would assume that any sex that happened would be with us. While we were both open to that possibility,



we wanted to make it clear there was a likelihood that the houseboy could be used by our male guests and friends. This series of questions would also serve to remove the homophobes from consideration. (We were fine with the straight men who honestly replied "I have no experience and am unsure whether I would be successful," but tossed out the applications that said, "I don't suck cock. I'm a real man.")

The next questions were regarding the types of S/M play the applicants enjoyed, what they found unpleasant but not beyond their limits (a good place for us to choose punishments), and what was beyond their limits. We asked if the applicants had any clothing or object fetishes, and whether they owned any toys.

## More General Questions:

These would give us further insight into the applicants: what were the last three books they had read, how do they spend their time when not in service, when did they last vote, and how long it took to fill out the application. We also asked applicants if they had any other skills that might be useful in a service position. These questions are all prejudicial in nature — but then, we are not an Equal Opportunity Employer! Both of us favor people who have extracurricular interests, like to read, and are actively involved in their communities. We knew there would be times that we would want to converse with the houseboy, and this would help us know whether the houseboy had some of our same interests.

## Advertising Placement

We decided to place ads on-line, and in a local newspaper. The

on-line ads were placed in a variety of forums, including alt.personals, bondage, and the America Online leather interest area. We also found web sites which offered advertising space. The advertisement made it clear that we were looking for someone interested in *service*, and that interested applicants should send us an e-mail request. In return, we would send them, an e-mail, application. We created an e-mail account specifically for that purpose. The newspaper personal ad came with a phone number; on the message, we told people to leave us an address (USPS or e-mail) for an application. We made it clear that we would not be returning calls.

The response rate of the two advertising styles was very different.

Hundreds of e-mail requests for applications flooded the online mailbox. (In fact, they continued to come for weeks after we stopped advertising, until we finally got rid of the e-mail address.) The newspaper ad, produced 25 to 30 requests. From all of our ads, we received a total of 15 applications — 9 of them from people who responded to the newspaper ad.

Why the discrepancy? Certainly, the use of the Internet could reach a much larger number of people to read our advertisement and respond to our application, without feeling a need to commit to more. The people responding to a newspaper ad were more likely to be prepared to use more "traditional" methods of response, such as post office boxes and telephones. It was clear that the amount of real effort involved in finding and responding to the ad really made a difference in the percentage of authentic seekers.

After receiving the applications, we sent out an acknowledgement form letter, and told them when they should expect to hear from us.

By that deadline, every applicant, whether successful or unsuccessful, received a personal letter, in recognition of the time and energy spent in completing the application.

## The Responses

We were expecting the majority of our applicants to be heterosexual or closeted bisexual males, but had anticipated a least a few responses from women. We have each been approached in person by other lesbians interested in providing service, and were hoping that an ad from two women would spark interest in other lesbians. To our surprise, we received *no* applications from women! It is highly likely that our questions regarding cocksucking were off-putting, if not downright suspicious-sounding.

On the other hand, many of the men were specific that their cocksucking experience was limited to dildos and strap-ons used by women. A woman could easily have said the same thing. It is more likely the discrepancies have more to do with relationship management styles and expectations, rather than strict gender/orientation dividing lines.

More than half of the applications were from straight male cross-dressers. The applications from these men were by far the most detailed, informative, and humorous. This may be because people who play with gender have spent more time than the average person in exploring what makes them tick. Or it could be that straight cross-dressers enjoy the opportunity to be female with other females. The answers were longer, more entertaining, and provided us with thoroughly enjoyable reads — making them much more likely to be interviewed.

We received dozens of complaints from people on-line regarding our requirement to send the ap-

plication via US mail. We are still unsure why there was this prejudice. We don't want to put it down to laziness. However, this example does point to that possibility: one man kept complaining to us about using US mail and insisting that he was the best houseboy we would find: "Just tell me to do something!" he would write. We would reply, "Fill out the application and send it to us by mail." His response? "Please just give me an order, and I'll do it!"

We also got complaints from people who didn't want to give us telephone numbers or mailing addresses, many of whom cited wives who did not know of their proclivities. Setting aside our discomfort with people who were already showing a lack of honesty in their relationships, we pointed out that we needed more than one way to contact our houseboy, and were not prepared to be dishonest ourselves when trying to reach someone.

Another was our request for references. We assumed applicants would understand that if we were going to let someone into our home, we would certainly want some assurance that the person was not a thief or psychotic, and had at least two other people in their lives who could vouch for their character. Wrong! We had to explain our need for references several times to people who

felt that our request invaded their privacy. One applicant was downright offended by the request, insisting that he would *never* describe his encounters with us to strangers, so why would he refer us to other people he had sex with? We had to remind him that the request did not specify, "people with whom you have had sex"; nevertheless, he declined to return an application.

We expected to receive some requests for clarification, but we were surprised by the number of people who were confused by the, "Please tell us your gender/sexual identity while in service," question, even from men who had identified themselves as cross-dressers. But then, one of us found herself trying to explain the phrase, "committed lesbian couple," to a particularly dense individual who kept asking, "But what does that mean?" We had to add a list of clarifications to the application after several people assumed that we were professionals and offered us money. One man treated us like *we* were the applicants. He promised that, "If I like you, I will take you to Lutece, and give you many expensive presents."

## To Be Continued.

*The interviews. The decisions. Is there a "happy ending" to their quest? Read Issue #31 and find out.*

## Brenda Loew's EIDOS magazine

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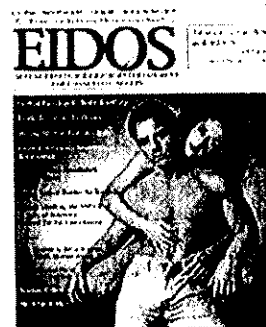
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# Listening in the Dark

## Choosing Music for a BDSM Party



*by Miss Kitt*

**W**hen I first entered Sir Thomas's office I didn't notice that he was sporting a black eye. When I did, I was horrified. "What happened, Uncle?" I asked, surprised and concerned.

"Let's just say that last night's DJ and I had a disagreement about his choice of music for the Fetish Night — and the volume that he chose to play it in," was his sardonic reply.

In my four years in the Scene I have yet to find a club DJ who played music that was appropriate for a BDSM night. Unless, of course, said DJ was clearly basing the repertoire on the individual requests that she was receiving. Otherwise, the music is invariably unsatisfactory.

The main reason for this is straightforward: DJs that work for clubs are accustomed to playing dance music of certain genres. They are prepared for people who want to dance, not for people who want background sounds. The fact that often DJs are not involved in The Scene and, by extension, not having a clue what BDSM is about, makes for many misunderstandings.

This being the case I often find myself at private functions instead, usually ones hosted by my Uncle. Being musically inclined, usually I end up acting as the DJ. Of course, preparing music for a BDSM party requires me to take several things into consideration.

**Volume:** While loud music is usually what provides the correct

ambiance for a dance club, it is totally inappropriate for a BDSM function, especially at a private resi-

dence. For one thing, there are the neighbors to consider (do you really want them to call the police on you at three am?). But more important to consider are issues of appropriateness. Loud music is not conducive to quiet negotiation. Worse still, loud music can prove hazardous — it means that a dom/me may or may not be able to hear a safeword.

### Genre

For some strange reason, club DJs tend to equate BDSM with "goth" or "thrasher" music. This is probably due to the preponderance of leather. This is not to dismiss either of these as legitimate music forms. However, one should be aware that, unlike most dance clubs which cater to a certain age group and music preference, the BDSM Scene includes a very wide range of participants starting from the legal drinking age to seniors. Just as wide is the music preference. So I work hard to include a little of everything, just as long as it works in terms of time and tempo.

### Time and Tempo

Given the volume and genre considerations, one would think that selecting appropriate music would be difficult. In fact, it isn't that hard at all when you take into account time and tempo. By time, I mean what time in the evening is the music being played. In early in the evening, people are usually settling in, greeting friends and negotiating scenes. I find that the current popularity for "Retro" music is convenient: it allows me to play favorites from the 1980's. I usually pre-record a tape or two of what I call, "one hit wonders," (see box): that way I don't have to be at the stereo all the time. Another way of doing this is to program your CD player and be on "stand by". Either way is effective and often I hear from guests, "Gods, I haven't heard that song in ages." Hearing what is familiar makes BDSM participants more at ease. Later in the evening, the music changes in preparation from upcoming scenes. I prefer instrumentals to pop/rock tunes myself. However, the one thing that I pay attention to is the tempo of the music itself. As someone who is very tuned to the beat, I feel that it is very important for the background music to maintain some consistency in terms of tempo. I measure it this way: if I can't flog you to it then it isn't right.

### Mood

Of course, the most important thing to consider when playing

## Miss Kitt's top 10 BDSM Song picks

1. Overcome
2. A Criminal Mind
3. Strip
4. Opportunitie
5. Crockett's Theme
6. Sadness Pt. I
7. Tides

### 8. Pagan Song

9. Human Nature
10. 6 Underground

Tricky  
Gowan  
Depeche Mode  
Pet Shop Boys  
Jan Hammer  
Enigma  
Sting  
soundtrack  
"The Living Sea"  
Mychael Danna  
soundtrack  
"Exotica"  
Madonna  
Sneaker Pimps

music at a BDSM function is the mood that it sets. I tend to avoid what I call "blatantly obvious" music: that is, songs where the lyrics are clearly geared for S&M situations. Invariably the music is too cute for the lyrics: Depeche Mode's "Master and Servant" is a prime example. And sometimes the song has the problem of being, "too familiar," for example Madonna's Erotica which has been played to death in local dance clubs.

What I find preferable is music that has a definite edge. It's not so much that it is a particular genre, such as "goth" (which many DJs equate with "edge"). Often, the music has an almost cynical tone with a spiritual flavor: they imbue the implication of, "Don't screw with me." "Policy of Truth" by Depeche Mode is an excellent example of this. Music with religious chants included (of the Enigma variety) can also make for interesting scenes.

Of course, not all albums are consistent in terms of the mood they create: otherwise it would get rather dull. But you don't want to be stuck at the stereo all night long, so what do you do? That's where movie and

television soundtracks come in. Not all soundtracks are created equal but if when you find a good one, it's worth it. Invariably the music is somewhat familiar to scene participants and can help further a scene.

## What should I play??

So you've collected up your music. You've programmed your CD player. The party is going well but nobody seems to getting up to do a scene. Now what?

Change the music! No crowd is the same and sometimes it isn't in the mood for the usual. Sometimes you need to kick start the party.

Experiment. Ask people what

they would like to hear. Don't get offended when people make requests. Remember that the music is for them, not you. And if you find that a scene's participants are tuned in to a song and the song is coming to an end: play it again — and again! In the Scene there are rules of basic etiquette, but as far as music is concerned, anything goes, just as long as the participants reach the "zone." ♦

*(Miss Kitt is the sobriquet of a Canadian BDSMer with many talents and interests.)*

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# Baby, Look at You Now!

by Baby Darren

**T**o my adult friends I am a 28-year old, self employed gardener, married to a wonderful and very beautiful woman, with one small child.

But to a select few. I am actually an 18 month-old baby *girl*. I am an Adult Baby. For those of you who may never have met an Adult Baby, let me enlighten you on our most wonderful world.

The proper medical term for an Adult Baby is Infantalist.

Infantilism is the behavior of adults who like to dress-up, act and to be treated as if they were actually infants, toddlers, or small children. Contrary to what some people may think, infantilism is not a mental disorder, nor does it mean that a person involved is unstable or weird, or demented. It is just a desire (fetish or fantasy, if you will) that many, and I mean many, adults have.

It is not as unusual as you may think. We have two groups here in Australia that cater to the big Aussie "bubbies." One is Wet Set in Sydney, and the other is me. Both of us cater to all wetting enthusiasts, but I try to focus mainly on the Adult Babies and Nappy Lovers here in the land down under.

Infantilism has been around for quite a number of years. However, it is only in the past two to three years that it

has been advertised over here. In the US, an organization called D.P.F. (Diaper Pail Friends or Fraternity), has been around for about seven to eight years, and currently is the world's largest Adult Baby group. In the UK, a company run by "Mummy Hazel," called Hush-a-bye-Baby, is the leading organization. This, unlike DPF offers a nursery fitted out at adult size, and Mummy Hazel will be your carer ... at a small fee of course.

---

... men and women are looking  
for unconditional love;  
some find it, others don't. ...  
I am one of the lucky ones

---

Back in the early to mid eighties, nannies of rich, unruly children would put their charges back into nappies, as punishment (humiliation being the effective solution for a naughty/mischievous child). This was used on children of all ages, up to about sixteen or seventeen — both male and female. During their punishment (their time back in nappies), these children would be taken out in public (nappy in full view), and even encouraged to use their nappies, as a baby would.

I have had the pleasure of



meeting quite a lot of Adult Babies over the past few years, and thus have been able to discuss the reasons why we like to regress back into a state of infancy. I have been able, through these meetings, to not only get to know all of these special and wonderful people, but I have also been able to conclude that persons who like to be babyfied, regardless of their upbringing, their gender, race or religious beliefs, have a number of things in common:

They all indulge in infantilism for their own unique reasons, but it all comes back to feeling wanted and loved. However, it can also be a way to escape the day to day pressures that our society imposes upon us. Both men and women are always looking for unconditional love; some find it, others don't. I guess that I am one of the lucky ones, as my wonderful wife accepts, understands, and respects my decision to be as a baby. Oh, did I mention that, that same terrific woman is also my Mummy? Pretty cool, hay?

I must point out, that a lot



of people (who are ill-informed, or pig-headed) think that just because we like to be as babies, that in some way we must be exploiting children. Let me tell you right here, and right now, that is the biggest load of bulls\* that I have ever heard!

Just for the record, infantilism is for the sole enjoyment of adults (18 yrs+), and in *no* way do we as Adult Babies promote, nor do we condone, the exploitation of children in any way. People involved in infantilism must sign a "rules and guidelines" form which includes a paragraph stating that anyone suspected of, or caught with photos of children (in nappies or any other sexually explicit poses) will be reported to the proper authorities, without notification, immediately! Also, most companies involved with infantilism, donate between 5% and 10% of their yearly profit to groups such as Women's Domestic Violence and the abused children's funds.

So, in actual fact we are, in a small way, helping children,



not hurting them.

Keep in mind that a lot of the persons involved in infantilism, have families of their own, and are not unlike any other nuclear family. In actual fact, many of the people involved in infantilism, are from high

pressure jobs, with high standing in their local communities.

In case you were wondering, yes Adult Babies *do* use their nappies, but the majority only wet them; only a few soil them. Yes, I do wet and very occasionally I do soil my nappies. Hey, even big babies make the occasional mistake!

Going out in public is an aspect of infantilism that very few try. Public humiliation is a small part of anyone's Adult Baby training. Yes, I do go out in public dressed-up as a baby girl, but not often.

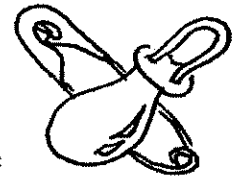
Picture yourself waltzing down the local street, when you see a grown man walking towards you dressed as a baby girl, including the distinctive bulge of a bulky cloth nappy, pink frilly plastic pants, a waist-high ruffled and frilly baby doll dress, white frilly ankle socks, single buckled shoes, blond, curly piggy-tails, a "dummy" (ed. note: pacifier) in his (or her) mouth, a bottle in one hand, and a dolly in the other. What

on earth would you do? What would you say?

Well, I have had a lot of weird and wonderful things said to and about me. The most fascinating thing is that 95% of men avoid me, whereas a large number of

women are very inquisitive. I've been told that I look cute, and often I am asked why I am walking around dressed-up as a baby girl? My answer: because I like to, because I can, and because I am actually a baby girl trapped in a grown man's body. A lot of

women ask to look at and touch my nappies, to see if they are just like baby



ones. And people have the audacity to call *me* weird, or demented? Go figure!

Some of the tell-tail signs that someone you associate with is an Adult Baby are:

1. Wears long baggy clothing, particularly that covers their bottoms.
2. Has a bag, or box that they're secretive, and protective over.
3. Large white squares on the clothes-line, on a regular basis.
4. A bottle in the fridge, that a friend supposedly forgot.
5. Children's toys around the house, where there are no kids.
6. They seem to waddle rather than walk
7. You actually catch them dressed as a baby.

Please, please, please! If you do suspect, or discover a friend or relative is an Adult Baby, don't disclose your findings to others. They have a right to not want others to know. Put yourself in their shoes !!!

I hope this has shed some light on the world of infantilism and that now you can make an informed decision if you can, or cannot accept people who wish to be babyfied.

Hope you all discover the joys involved with nappies, and being a baby again.

Yours, in my Wet Nappy Down Under,

(For more about Adult Babies, see Issues #16, 17, 28.)

# Flogging --

## First in a series

**by Mitch Kessler  
aka Adam Selene**

**A**ccording to my Webster's New American Dictionary, the word "flog" comes from the Latin "*flagellare*" and means, "to beat with a stick, whip, etc." ... but often dictionary definitions omit important nuances. In actual usage, beating a person with a stick is more appropriately called "drubbing," and hitting a dog with a stick is usually called, "hitting the dawg with a stick" — and is a thing which "any fool" can do. When modern English was being assembled (largely from parts manufactured abroad) punishing people by hitting them was called "whipping," especially if an actual horse-encourager was used. Beating or drubbing, not to mention "boxing" and "cudgeling" implied a less formal chastisement and referred to blunt trauma injuries inflicted with fists or pieces of timber.

"Flogging" was more often applied to various ship-board misfortunes. When a sail, or rope or a spar becomes unfastened in a high wind, it moves from side to side with a violent chaotic motion sailors call flogging. A sail might "flog itself to pieces" in a storm, in which case the sailor who neglected to "lash" it more securely might, himself, be flogged for his inattention to duty. In British sailor's lingo, "catting" does *not* mean "to hit with a cat," (or to gad about at night looking for pussy) but to "tie something securely with many turns of rope." Hence, a man being "flogged" with a cat was first "catted" to a grating ... but sailors, who seem to enjoy arcane and obscure word usages, would call the tying up "lashing" and the "whipping" would be called a "flogging." Our Modern English and the British Navy got organized in same century and this punishing nomenclature came ashore for all of us to enjoy, and be confused by.

The point of all this lexicography is to establish that

"to flog" suggests some kind of back-and-forth motion, used with more finesse than when "a fool hits a dawg with a stick." ... whereas "whipping" (on land) refers to a sharp reversal of motion, as exemplified by the snap of a single-tail whip.

In olden days flogging was entertainment only for the spectators. The "beadles" who did the whipping got all tired, thirsty and sweaty ... even if they didn't get scratched, bitten or punched by the victim -- for whom the exercise was not supposed to provide any pleasure at all. Later, when more or less consensual flogging became a Darkside sexual thrill ... there were no witnesses to consider and the "victim" wanted to *suffer*. The Flog-ers still got tired and sweaty, but enjoyed what they were doing, or were paid enough not to care.



*Fig 51 George Smith, garotter, receiving the sixth of thirty lashes at Newgate, December, 1871*

Today, with our Safe Sane and Sensual flogging style it's not easy for the same flogging to satisfy everyone concerned. The spectators can be either bored or horrified ... The Dungeon Chaperones may approve or not ... The flog-ee may get too much or too little sensation — and the Floger-er still gets hot and sweaty. Nonetheless, in BDSM's "good society" the ability to flog acceptably is the rough equivalent of the expectation elsewhere, that one *dance* acceptably. Fortunately, flogging is easier than dancing. The motions are simpler, no one has to walk backwards, and the music can be ignored.

### Why Flog?

Ultimately the purpose of a flogging is to inflict pleasure. This might be the pleasure of having endured a torturous ordeal "with honor," or the complex pleasure of simultaneously causing, witnessing and vicariously sharing the other person's struggle with pain. There is a point at which the "agoniste" exceeds that which you'd expect from non-contact athletics. When that level of intensity is reached attempts at verbal/intellectual understanding

become almost counter productive. If you understand the desire for such intensity, no explanation is necessary. If you do not understand, no explanation will be sufficient. Those who explore these quasi-mystical extremes get there by route similar to that followed by other athletes. There is an innate talent and desire, molded over time by experiential learning and self discovery. Following this path guarantees distressingly uncomfortable experiences, and includes the possibility of injury ... although unlike competitive athletics, the chance of suffering a disabling accident is exceedingly remote.

## How to Flog and Be Flogged

For the Bottom, being flogged is simplicity itself. You stand there with a bare back or bare butt, or both, while someone waves a bundle of soft leather ribbons in your general direction. Once you grow accustomed to standing in one place without fainting, you might find you actually like some contact with the implement. In that case, you still just stand there ... but now you add verbal and non-verbal communication skills to your routine -- and will be expected to, "remember your safe-word." Some people enjoy being hit so hard it hurts ... sometimes so it hurts a lot. Sometimes it even makes marks or draws blood ... which some people like a lot as well. Once you realize this, you realize there is yet another demand placed on the Flog-ee ... making sure the Flog-er has a general idea of how hard to hit, before starting to do so. Informing your Top of your limits (in no uncertain terms, if necessary) is called "negotiation."

A flogging Top needs leg and foot endurance, but can move around a bit, which relieves strain and fatigue. The active partner also needs a certain amount of hand-eye coordination, aerobic conditioning and upper body stamina. The Flog-er is also usually presumed to be the one responsible for hearing the safeword, a cue to stop hitting, should it be uttered. This includes making sure the ambient noise level does not cover a frenzied cry of "toothpaste" (when a Flog-ee likes to use words like "Mercy" or "nopleasestop" as part of the scene, unmistakable safewords like this sometimes get used.) -- or make provision for someone *else* to hear and signal a cue-to-stop.

## Flogging Scene Structure

Every flogging is at least slightly different, even between the same partners using the same equipment and the same scenario. The range of what different people do at different times in different combinations is virtually infinite, and ranges from the merely symbolic to the ... and this is not necessarily a bad thing ... pro-

foundly traumatic. There are as many ways of "doing a flogging" (or S/M) as there are *combinations of people* doing the doing. There are, however, some common features that exist to a greater or lesser degree in all floggings. Old-Guard '70s Sexual Revolutionists will recognize this pattern from Masters and Johnson's landmark books *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Dysfunction*. The analogy is not far-fetched. S/M is sex. It's just that there are different cultural norms about where and with whom you are allowed to enjoy it.

## Seduction

First there is a "decision" or "negotiation" phase which may take place days before the actual event. This is where the consent, "bargaining and acceptance" takes place, and limits are set. The process may be as simple as two strangers noting the pocket in which each carries their Black Hankie. The more explicit the negotiation, the fewer chances there are for surprises ... which is not always a *good* thing. Although it may never be explicitly stated in words, somewhere in this process is the determination of, "what the scene is about" ... the relationship being enacted ... if there is fantasy or role-playing involv-

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# Flogging

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ed ... what is to be done, what is to be imagined, and what the aftermath is hoped or expected to be. Much of the sense of "safety" emotional and physical, will be established in this phase. Between new partners, discussion and exploration can occupy a great deal of time, to very good purpose. In well-established couples it may consist of nothing more than saying, "Wanna Play?"

This is the time to find out about possible health considerations ... a weak back for example, or cardiovascular diseases. By inquiring into these things, a Top shows experience, expertise and caring, which increases his or her perceived dominance. Practically speaking, even young, apparently fit people can suffer from conditions the Top should know about and have a plan for. The two most important are diabetes and asthma.

Diabetics may respond to stress by passing out ... which may be a trivial, even common occurrence requiring only a bit of rest — or a sugar imbalance requiring adjustment or even emergency medical care. The person with the problem is the one responsible for knowing what ought to be done about it. Under stress, asthmatics may experience sudden difficulty in breathing. Again, the sufferer should be able to propose a plan for evaluating and responding to the problem should it arise. In most cases, for asthma, this means having their medicated inhaler within easy reach. People with seizure disorders should also reveal the fact, along with instruction on how to respond to an incident. This is not only about the flog-ee. It is also important that if the flog-er has any pre-existing conditions, his/her partner should know ... and should have means to quick-release any restraints and know how to respond.

It might be worth mentioning that "more" is not always "better" in discussion and planning. If events do not follow an overly-explicit plan (once called an "agenda") disappointment follows; especially if fantasies, hopes and desires become confused with actual abilities and intentions.

## Anticipation

Play can begin long before the first blow. Even the

physical process of dressing for the event, selecting the gear to be used, or moving from the "ordinary world" to the space in which the flogging takes place, influences what is to follow and how everyone feels about it during and after. Some people will use scenarios with assumed characters, plot points and dialog to get them where they want to go. For others, the simple act of assuming the positions of flogging, the moment of putting on a collar or restraints create the desired mood and level of excitement. It is neither polite, nor even accurate to assume

that "scripted" or "theatrical" is the same thing as "artificial" or "insincere," as anyone who has studied acting can attest to -- nor can quick-starting pairs be assumed to be casual or perfunctory in what they do.

## Setting the Stage

As a flogging begins, purposeful action is the key to "success" — fumbling is the enemy of enjoyment.

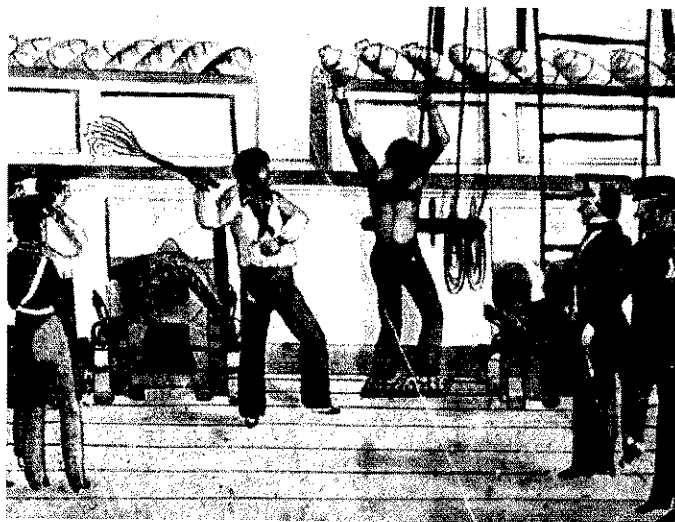
This is the last point at which to adjust lighting, temperature and sound levels. This is where blindfolds and other "props" go on, where clothes come off, where final adjustments are made. The actual work might, depending on personal factors of all kinds, be done by the Top alone ... by the Bottom alone ... each attending to their own "spheres" — or by a Dungeon Attendant of some kind. These choices will also affect the psychic impact of the experience.

## Stimulation

When the intent is affectionate, sensual ... or at least *non punitive* -- a flogging should start at a much lower intensity than it will eventually reach. At the very least, this helps the flog-ee adjust to the physical stress gradually, and establishes trust in the flog-er's ability and intentions. It also affords the flog-er the opportunity to estimate the flog-ee's resolution and probable endurance. These moves are introductory ... even a bit tentative. Specially selected warm-up floggers might come into play at this point.

## Arousal

The boundaries between stages are not clear cut. Stimulation "ends" essentially when the Top notices that the Bottom is responding to it. More importantly, this



stage is the point ... at last ... at which things are starting to be FUN ... HOT ... SEXY. The flog-ee is beginning to relish the sensations and anticipate more ... the flog-er is beginning to feel the way the scene is going to go. Both will probably be breathing more quickly, and through flared nostrils. This stage might include verbal exchanges such as "threats" promises, or reassurances. It might also include introductory or exploratory touching, such as muscle-kneading, skin stroking, light slaps, pinches or scratches -- anything by which the Top communicates, "I'm here," and the Bottom responds appropriately.

## Plateau

This is where the flogging- proper occurs. It progresses from a low end, through a mid-range, to a peak, and back again. Communication, both verbal and non-verbal will be most frequent and intense at this stage. The Top will most likely either be establishing a pattern and rhythm, or will be deliberately randomizing the blows. Most Bottoms will have more *pleasure* from regular, predictable impacts; more of a sense of *punishment* from chaotic sensations. Ideally, both parties will be intensely focused on each other. At least, one hopes the Top will be devoting complete attention to the Bottom's reactions and what is causing them. Some Tops will want to devise strategies to remind them to check their Bottom's condition from time to time without breaking either partner's mood.

## Time-Out

Just as with "vanilla" sex, partners may want to prolong the experience ... or even take a break without actually losing contact. This might be because of the Bottom *wanting more*, but being, for the moment, unable to continue. "Intermediate Safewords" are useful for this situation. Some Tops develop an uncanny ability to *not* throw the blow that would have caused the Bottom to use the safeword. Part of the trick for doing this is to watch for a deep intake of breath (which is not a gasp) immediately following a stroke. The ribcage expands, the Top sees it, and does not land the next stroke. The Bottom is amazed, and often impressed! In a few moments the scene continues. Another cause for a pause might be a non-catastrophic physical problem that should be corrected before continuing -- for example, a foot-cramp or a too-tight wrist cuff. (Which could occur in vanilla sex, too ... come to think of it).

Prolonged "hands over head" posture, especially when combined with tight wrist cuffs, can leave the fingers deprived of blood. For people not suffering from a circulatory disorder, up to twenty minutes of reduced cir-

culatation is essentially meaningless -- so long as there is a perceptible pulse, no swelling and no discoloration of the fingers. Still, after 15 or 20 minutes it becomes advisable, and reassuring, if the Top grasps the fingers of the Bottom, feeling for unusual coolness with the palm of the hand. Another quick check is done by pressing any unpainted fingernail until it turns white, then releasing. The pink color should return within a second or two. Otherwise it may be time to change position and adjust the cuffs.

From time to time the Top may want to assess the amount of skin and muscle trauma by feeling the heat of the skin. With experience, this can be done without making contact by slowly bringing the underside of a wrist or forearm close to the back. If it feels as if there is a dry heat rising from the skin it means the flog-ee has been well and truly stimulated. It could be time to look forward to ending the scene, or backing down and building up again. An intense fiery heat could be the first sign of bruising. Inexperienced Tops can get a sense of this, without over-flogging, by trying the technique on fresh, fiery-red sunburns. A good painful first-degree burn, (such as a lobster-red shoulder sunburn) will put out about the same heat as the beginning of blue bruise concerns.



## Climax

Some people actually reach orgasm as a result of being flogged. This gratifying reaction is more common in women and more visible in men. But actually this is a fairly rare treat. More often, the peak of a flogging scene is the point just over the absolute limit of the flog-ee's tolerance. It is usually the point at which the Flog-ee will use the safeword, even if the consequence is the irrevocable stopping of the scene, or the imposition of some pre-agreed penalty or default. Not every flogging can, or should, reach this point. Some flog-ers will consciously

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# Flogging

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strive to stop the flogging exactly one stroke *before* the flog-ee "safewords." The sudden remission of pain in this way can actually have more impact on the flog-ee than escalation.

## Resolution

Ideally, a flogging ends with both sides feeling really *good*. Good, however, is experienced and expressed in different ways for different people. Either party might feel spent, exhausted and languorous, or energized and alert. For most people, sexual arousal is more probable after a less-than-to-the-limit flogging than to one that "tested out" the parties.

## Refractory Period

Enough is enough! 'Nough said? In addition to completing the Masters and Johnson analogy, there is an "afterwards" period ... at least for intense flogging -- that approximates the post-orgasmic changes (most noticeable in men) after genital sex. Emotionally, the flog-ee will need either 1) to receive

after care: be comforted, reassured, cuddled, or 2) to be "abandoned," i.e. left alone to enjoy "inner space" or just to become composed. Some people's whole objective in being flogged is to trigger an endorphin release -- which they would like the leisure to enjoy. (Yes, this is very similar to "rolling over and going to sleep" ... but what can you do? It's one of those things you just have to work out or get over.) But physically, ... a well-flogged person is

stressed, fatigued, probably dehydrated, possibly disoriented. They may have broken skin (and therefore subject to infection). They are very susceptible to chill. It's generally considered the flog-er's responsibility to meet those physical needs without subverting the overall experience - even if the flog-ee's emotional need is for "abandonment." In that case, a typical "Top Ploy" is to throw some kind of cover over the flog-ee, and leave something to drink within easy reach, after making with some scene - appropriate pseudo-harsh remark.

Improvisational Theatre can be "contrived" without being insincere.

My own feeling is that abandonment should be simulated and not real. Playing in public, the flog-ee (unless there is specific agreement to the contrary) should not be left alone. Even in private, the flog-er should keep the flog-ee under observation, even if hiding to do it.

Flog-ers need their own brand of aftercare sometimes. These are mostly emotional needs for (not necessarily in this order) 1) admiration, 2) declarations of submission and/or satisfaction, 3) reassurance of forgiveness for excesses, real or imagined. Flog-ers' physical needs ... muscle massage, something to drink ... a shower -- usually can wait.

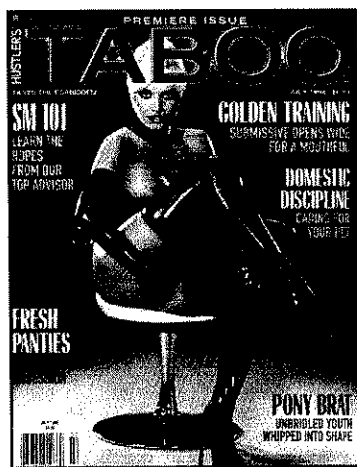
One of the benefits of Public Play (at clubs or parties) is that it is possible for *others* to tend to both parties' after-care needs. ♦

Next issue: The Big Secrets of Flogging.



c.1850 Indiana Vagabonds flog a mother and daughter accused of fornication.

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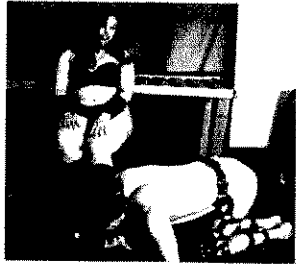


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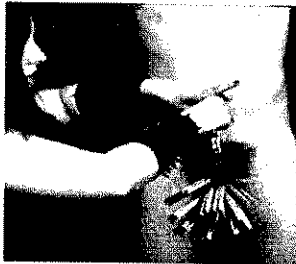
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**T**he creation of a new bondage scene is no doubt a product of fantasy,

creative imagination and a practical application of past experience. For some of us, our imagination calls up scenes of gothic torture. For those of us into medical bondage, our inspiration comes from more unconventional, esoteric creativity.

I recently had the misfortune to injure my leg. After X-rays and ultrasound, the diagnosis was made and treatment selected: several weeks in a long leg cast, running from toes to groin! I grimaced through my pain and discomfort as the cast technician wound rolls of plaster bandage around my leg, taming it into a form of portable bondage. Knowing I would be living in this thing for a while, I searched for a positive side to the experience. Having been mummified in Saran, duct tape, elastic bandages, rubber sheets and wet sheet packs, I had developed quite an interest in restrictive sensory deprivation bondage and total mummification. As I contemplated the restrictive, form-fitting rock surrounding my injured leg, my imagination kicked in. While I don't recommend going out and deliberately injuring yourself, there are ways to duplicate the effects of being medically casted and incorporating these principles into the ultimate restrictive bondage trip.

Plaster casting, while not a new bondage technique, is certainly a novel one. It has the elements of plastic or tape mummification, but can add an element of sensory deprivation. I have an affinity for total restraint and isolation from sensory input. The novel portion of casting (setting aside the time and expense) is that the bottom (our "patient"),

# I AM A ROCK

## The Ultimate Bondage Technique

**By Filador**

can be fixed into any position, no matter how grotesque, with as much or as little of the patient's immobilized body accessible as the scene calls for.

The goal in placing a patient into a full body cast is to immobilize completely every muscle, as well as to isolate the bottom from all sur-



**Portrait of Filador**

rounding messages of light, smell and sound. The only stimulus experienced by the patient should be the snug fit of the cast and plaster wrappings and the rhythm of his or her own breathing and heartbeat

Temperature variations in the patient must be closely monitored to ensure a level of comfort (and tolerance). As the cast is applied the plaster will give off heat as it sets. Most patients find this heat to be not objectionable, somewhat like a heating pad or warm shower. The heat must be dissipated, however, or the patient will overheat. While much of bondage involves discomfort to the

bottom, this is one instance where it is advisable to make the bottom as comfortable and relaxed as possible.

The overheating problem is resolved by casting

the patient slowly, one limb at a time, and waiting for individual portions to cool before proceeding with the scene. As a rule, begin the mummification casting at the feet and progress towards the head. The head should be casted last, to permit the maximum amount of heat to exit the body and to give the patient the opportunity to see what is happening to his or her body which can heighten the suspense and thrill of the experience.

Once the plaster has set hard, it will immediately begin to cool as water evaporates out of the cast. Most casts take two to three days to dry completely through. Once fully dry, the cast tends to assume room temperature and thermal concerns are minimal. The drying process can be enhanced by the circulation of air, but will have the effect of chilling the patient to exhaustion.

Remember, the patient can no longer move to generate kinetic energy, and shivering may soon set in. Once this happens, it is advisable to end the scene.

The goal is to completely encase the patient into the desired position, to be aware of thermal concerns and to make the cast sufficiently thick and strong so that no amount of wriggling by the patient can afford an escape.

### The Process

Plaster comes in rolls of 2" to 6". As a general rule, medical casts are applied to a minimum of thick 1/4". I prefer 3/8" to 1/2". The visual effect is striking, and rein-

forces (pun) the idea that there will be *no escape* from this plaster prison.

Place a drop cloth or plastic sheet on the floor in an open, well-lit area. You will need to plan how to lower your mummy when completed: to the floor or to a bondage table. Generally, two people will be necessary to move the weight of a fully casted mummy. (We have developed a hinged table against which the casted mummy is leaned, and slowly lowered to horizontal. The idea for this furniture came from a chiropractor's office.)

Get a two-gallon, or greater, bucket of water at 75-80 degrees. You now decide on the position in which your mummy is to be fixed. Let your imagination be your guide! For first-timers, I recommend the traditional mummy style, with legs together and arms at the sides. The patient is made ready by removing all clothing and can be instructed to shower, or use rubbing alcohol to add to the medical aspect of the scene.

Stockinette (a knit, stretchable tube material) comes in rolls of 2", 6" and 10". Cut a length of 2" stockinette for each foot, to cover from the base of the toes to past the ankle. Apply with the patient sitting on a chair. Cut a length of 6" stockinette to run from the ankle to the groin area. Pull these tubes up each leg, tucking the lower end into the foot stockinette.

Insulate your patient by wrapping each foot up to the knee in padding. I purchase rolls of quilt batting in a department store (Wal-Mart), and cut the blanket into strips which are rolled into bandages. An average patient will need two to three blankets to ensure adequate insulation. The limbs should have three to four layers of padding, snugly wrapped.

Now begin the actual casting. Plaster bandages come sealed in wax

paper bags. Open a bag, dip the roll into the bucket, and hold it for ten seconds. When the bubbling has stopped, squeeze the roll until plaster starts to drip off. Wrap it around the foot, ensuring it is snug enough to compress the padding but not so tight as to cut into the patient or cause circulation problems.

Run the bandage from toes to just below the knee, following up with four to six bandages per foot. As you layer the cast rub it with your hands. The little holes in the bandage will disappear, and the cast will take on a smooth look. Very quickly you will get the technique, and get the thrill of slowly transforming your bottom into a rock. It gives a new meaning to the term "hard body".

Eventually, your patient will be wearing thick plaster "boots". When the plaster has cooled (in about half an hour), the patient can be helped to a standing position to spread the legs open so as to gain access to the upper legs. Continue up past the knees to the upper legs, *ensuring that sufficient padding insulation goes on over the stockinette and before the plaster.* Each leg and foot should be firmly encased in 12 rolls.

Upon completion of the legs, stockinette can be pulled around the torso.

Use your 10" roll. Appropriate holes for front, rear, or no holes at all, must be decided on. Again, add the insulation over the stockinette and continue the casting process around the crotch and lower torso, joining the top of the leg casts with the rest of the plaster. Place the legs together prior to the setting of the crotch cast. Approximately six bandages should immobilize the crotch — 12 for the torso to the armpits. The purpose in casting each leg separately is twofold: it eliminates the need for a towel or other padding between the knees (as in Saran mummification) and heightens isolation and immobilization.

At this point, the patient is encased from toes to armpits with legs together. Continue by pulling 10" stockinette over the upper chest and neck. (Cut arm holes in the

continued on pg 40

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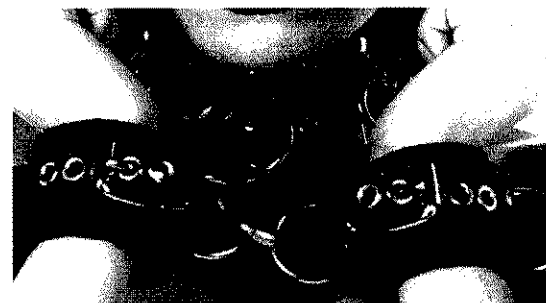
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## Plaster Casting

continued from pg 39

tube.) Put the upper arms into 6" stockinette, the hands into 2". Then pad the arms, upper torso and neck. The casting around the shoulders and neck can be especially tricky. As a rule, a figure "8" pattern behind the neck, under an arm and across the front of the chest will fix most padding and plaster bandage in place. Then wrap each arm to the shoulder (approximately 6 bandages.) The upper chest and neck is next completed, with about 6 rolls. Do *not* wrap under the armpit; and place additional padding next to the chest in this area. It is sensitive to having plaster dug into it, and need not be wrapped to prevent movement. Pull the arms to the side, mummy style prior to the setting of the plaster. You're almost done.

Begin again at the ankles, and wrap the patient as a unit up to the neck where the padding and stockinette stops. This wrapping is more for aesthetics than restraint, but does enhance the sense of being trapped. As many as 24 bandages can be wrapped from ankle to neck, and the bottom will watch in horror or fascination as his body slowly loses its shape under the unyielding layers of plaster!

Now, for the head. This portion of the cast is the most tricky, but can produce the maximum sensation of isolation. You must now commit to leaving the face exposed, casting the entire head and face, or some variation thereof. To create a heightened sense of sensory deprivation, place foam ear plugs into the patient's ears. The combination of plugs and plaster will filter out and muffle a lot of background noise. However, questions and commands can be readily heard when spoken next to the head. Pull the 6" stock-

inette over the patient's head, covering the top of the head. The patient now begins to really feel the effects of the restraint, realizing that they will soon be totally encased, immobilized and isolated from all sight and sound. Wrap a maximum of two layers of padding around the head. Cut a hole in the stockinette for a breathing tube, if desired, or open the face to the desired size. Continue around the head and neck. If there is no movement in the neck area, your plaster mummy is done!

### On the inside

As the head is encased, you will first be able to see light, but no objects, through the stockinette. The elastic of the fabric will pull against the face like a mask, and will keep the mouth closed somewhat. As padding is wrapped around the head, light goes from a yellowish tan to a gray. Sound becomes blurred and distorted. As additional layers of wrapping are added, you cease to feel the mummifier's hands as thickness is built up. Eventually, the cold, slimy plaster bandage is drawn across the face. The padding is pushed snugly against the ears, jaw and face as the weight of the plaster increases. Light gets dimmer with every pass of the roll of plaster. You are getting excited and notice the sound of your breathing and heartbeat reverberating through the massive cast. Soon, the hands of the mummifier can no longer be felt, yet you sense the casting continue. Your features are lost under the layers of the cast, and you have become a faceless rock, inescapably trapped in a form fitting plaster cocoon. It is in this state that you will remain until the top says otherwise. You wriggle



### The author at play

in a futile attempt to escape, and only exhaust yourself after hours of struggle. Eventually, you surrender and lose the will to try to escape. From experience, I have practiced meditation exercises while encased in plaster. Meditation enhances the effects of isolation, relaxes the body to better tolerate the immobilization and produces some unique effects.

Upon completion of your mummy, it should be lowered to the floor. Place the mummy on pillows to minimize distortion of the cast and the likelihood of pressure sores. A male patient can be placed in a "Texas catheter" to eliminate urination concerns during the play. Expect a bottom who has never before been casted to remain mummified for two to four hours.

### Casting Variations

Patients can be casted into many positions. Here is your opportunity to create a living sculpture at your pleasure. As a bottom, I prefer casting with legs spread apart about

two feet and arms comfortably outstretched (somewhat like a scarecrow). This position is significantly more comfortable than traditional mummy style, and can be tolerated for weeks or longer! Just be sure to place wooden supports between the knees and from arms to chest for support. These sticks can be wrapped in plaster and incorporated into the cast, fit into the medical bondage thing, and make for a wickedly-immobilized patient. To be especially mean to a male patient, once he has been totally encased and is sufficiently aroused, coat his uncased penis in some lubricating jelly, apply a condom and wrap the erection in padding about 1/2" thick. Tightly wrap the patient's erection with plaster, fixing the penis cast to the rest of the torso cast. Once the penis cast has hardened the patient may try to move and wriggle to stimulate himself. However, the cast will not permit sufficient movement to even begin to satisfy. The patient, unable to come, will wriggle inside the cast in a fruitless attempt to get off. No amount of struggling will let him come; no amount of concentration will permit him to lose his erection. It is a diabolical form of torture, and he will struggle unnoticed inside the plaster cocoon until exhaustion sets in.

As a final variation, and what for me has been the most wickedly perverted technique, is to shave the patient completely (except for head). Coat the skin in moisturizing cream or similar stuff. A loose-fitting cocoon is wrapped around the feet up to the knees. The patient is encouraged to move about a bit in the shell as it sets. Liquid plaster is mixed and poured inside the shell. The plaster can be warm or cold to encourage wriggling. The more the patient wriggles, the more the plaster fills in voids and air pockets. The patient at

## ... the most restrictive feel I have ever experienced, and goes way beyond the sensations of Saran and duct tape!

this point is wearing a unique set of "cement shoes". The shell is continued upwards, to the crotch and genitals. The process repeats, the patient wriggles, and becomes progressively more trapped. Eventually, the cocoon is extended up to the shoulders and neck. A hood is pulled over the patient's head and a breathing tube is mercifully inserted into the front of the hood. The shell continues past the shoulders to the top of the head, where an opening is left. The last of the plaster is poured into the hole, as it slowly oozes its way into every void, sealing the patient's mouth shut, isolating the patient from all light, sound and communication with the outside world. Your skin sticks somewhat to the plaster, as if your skin is glued to the inside of the shell. There is absolutely zero movement. It is the most restrictive feel I have ever experienced, and goes way beyond the sensations of saran and duct tape!

### Removal

I thought you'd never ask! A cast saw, available from a medical supply house, is mandatory. These devices are expensive (several hundred dollars) but are durable and should last for many years. Without one, the process of removal would be an unmanageable chore. The cast cutter is an electric motor with metal wheel with serrated edges. When pushed against the edge of the plaster, it nibbles through and creates a seam. Run a seam down the length of an arm or leg, and pull the cast apart like a clam shell. Sharp scissors help to cut through padding to free the patient when it's time. Have your patient toss the cast remnants

into several large garbage bags and you're ready for the next "accident"

### Expense

It's expensive! For either the mummy style or outstretched cast, an average patient requires 72-84 plaster rolls. Plaster bandage is sold in boxes of 12, four boxes (48 rolls) per case. Plaster can run between \$30.00 to \$55.00/dozen. Fiberglass bandages are also available and have the added feature of completely hardening in 1/2 hour instead of two to three days. However, fiberglass is \$89.00/dozen. Stockinette is \$20.00/roll, and can last through ten casting scenes.

Now you know how to do it. Go wrap your ass in a plaster cast! ♦

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*(For more information on mummification, see Issue 26)*

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# Bite Me!

## The Vampires Among Us

by **KimBoo York**

**A** shoe fetish is almost mundane these days. Everybody has a pretty pair of "fuck-me" boots, and if they're lucky, a slave to keep them gloriously polished. But not us; my Master shines his own boots, a personal challenge that he enjoys. So what do I do? I polish his teeth!

I am not a dentist, or a dental fetishist. The teeth I polish are removable caps that were specially made for his incisors by a special effects artist in town. They are, simply put, vampire fangs. It is no secret that the vampire myth is an erotic one. From Dracula to Anne Rice's passionate, tragic heroes, the vampire has occupied one a unique position in modern literature: The Erotic Villain. There have been serious studies done on the connection between an immortal, blood-sucking being and sexual

attraction. The appeal has been attributed to: attraction to immortality, attraction to power, attraction to life-threatening risk, and even equating blood-sucking with a loss of virginity. The reasons behind vampire allure are as diverse as the fans of vampire literature and movies. I, qualify as a vampire fetishist, as does my Master. We love the romanticism of immortality, living during the moonlit hours, and hunting our human prey. It is all make-believe, of course, and upon reflection I think I

would be pretty miserable as a vampire. But, nonetheless, it is a fun way of playing. There are a few qualifications, though, if you are interested in exploring this fetish. While it may seem inherent to the nature of the fantasy, real blood play is a dangerous form of play and is outside the scope of this article (sufficeth to say, drinking blood is a bio-hazard, and will make you pretty nauseous to boot).

### Private Play

There are many literary accounts of vampires with human slaves. Usually, the vampire keeps the slave immortal by having the slave drink small amounts of the Master/Mistress's blood. This keeps the slave from becoming a full-fledged vampire, but ties the human to the undead

---

**... a teaspoon of  
chocolate syrup is  
a fantastic blood  
substitute!**

---

master/mistress. In return, the slave tends to the vampire's affairs, both maintaining the sleeping coffin and ensuring its safety, and also taking care of business or personal matters that can only be done during the light of day. This is a fine paradigm of a D/s relationship (and a teaspoon of chocolate syrup is a fantastic blood substitute!), which can be put into effect at any time, especially on weekends when staying up late and sleeping during the day are easier to fit into most people's schedules. It can even serve as a full-time model relationship — for the adventurously minded, the self-employed, or those who work the graveyard shift at their jobs. The real fun of private play comes from the teeth. The Dom who wears the teeth not only looks incredibly sexy, but also has the opportunity to go around biting the sub. F/X teeth, unless specially made to razor-sharp specifications, rarely break skin, even in a hard bite. A good vampiric bite will leave two dark indentations in the skin, which usually don't even bruise. But even a bad bite hurts! Biting is a very primitive pain-inducer, requiring almost sexual intimacy between the Dom and the sub. It can serve as punishment, or more appropriately, as a reward. Use com-

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mon sense when biting someone — don't forget that your lower teeth will also be in contact with skin, and if skin should be broken, that bites are more susceptible to infection than any other kind of puncture wound. As a suggestion, tie up your sub and let your teeth roam. Endorphins do little to reduce the fiery effect of a well placed bite, a fact that my Master uses to the utmost. In addition to the popular neck and arm areas, try the effect of your incisors on nipples, genitals, and behind the knee!

## Public Play

What I mean here is not a scene party, or wearing your fangs to a dungeon. While you are sure to get a reaction from other participants, Private Play pretty much covers any issues you might have at a playparty. I mean a different game entirely. One of the most enjoyable aspects of wearing fangs is wearing them where people don't expect them. At a Halloween party, your teeth may be humdrum, but wear them to the mall one afternoon and just watch the double-takes! Why bother, you ask, if you can't bite anyone with them? Well, yes, you can! One of the primary jobs for the human slave of a vampire is to find prey for them to bite. Set out to a friend's vanilla party, or go to a nightclub, and see how many beautiful "prey" you can rack up in a night — a fetish version of the old Kissing Game. Never, bite anyone against their will! The challenge lies in having people allow you — or even ask you — to bite them. You might be surprised at people's reactions. The sub will have a devil of a time figuring out how to bring the subject into the conversation, and the Dom will find an equal challenge in trying to keep the fangs hidden from view. As a perk, arrange beforehand to give the sub a certain reward based on how many prey can be steered to the vampire. Be imaginative! It is a pastime of subtlety and tact, and the fun of it is in keeping the whole game a secret. If you really find this to be a good time, go to your local games dealer and look for the role playing game "Masquerade," or its many imitators, and immerse yourself in the realm of vampire clans and mythology. A local game is usually going on in most major cities. Master/slave relationships and S/M iconography are pretty standard in the vampire scene, so such a pastime can be a welcome change of pace from the usual BDSM scene.

## The Teeth

Now that you are raring to go, the first things you need before a black velvet wardrobe are fangs. There are several models and styles, and different options of production. You can have fangs on your incisors, your front teeth, or even multiple teeth, and teeth can be made out

of dental acrylic or dental porcelain. The standard dental acrylic fangs require about \$50 (prices vary) and a couple of hours of your time. The F/X specialist makes an acrylic dental mold of the teeth you are going to have fitted, which means you will be sitting in a chair for about 20 minutes, your mouth open and drooling while the mold sets. After that, the specialist files down and shapes the mold into the proper fang-like appearance. Because the teeth have been created around your own teeth, they are essentially caps that slip on and are fitted to your teeth alone. These fangs are not indestructible, and are not as hard as real teeth. Biting hard surfaces, or wearing them very often, can crack them, in which case they are useless and you have to get a new pair. They can also slip off, or wiggle when you bite someone, so a good suggestion to



avoid unnecessary wear and tear on both you and the fangs is to use a denture adhesive to secure them in place. Also, unless you practice a hell of a lot, you cannot eat with them. Not only do they discolor easily, but they also make it just plain difficult to bite food and chew — and talk, although that is relatively easy to overcome

The other, more expensive option, is to have dental porcelain fangs. This is more difficult because not many people do this sort of F/X work, and it is a far more exacting science. While the fangs themselves may only cost \$75, the real money comes in the form of the dental molds your dentist has to make. Since the companies that do porcelain fangs are few, you will find that you will have to mail them the mold of your teeth in order to have fangs created. Porcelain molds, though, fit better, wear better, and discolor less than acrylic ones do. If you are serious about fang play, your money will be well spent on porcelain versions.

In either case, it is easy to take care of fangs. Have a small case (such as a ring box) with a bit of cotton in it to store the fangs in. If they get a little grey or brown, simply use a finishing nail file to remove the discoloration, then buff to a shine with a nail buffer. Do not try to clean with alcohol, hydrogen peroxide, or any harsh detergent. Also, do not bother brushing them with a

continued on pg 49

# BOOK REVIEW

by Steve Vakesh

**Bound to Be Free: The SM Experience**  
**Charles Moser and J.J. Madeson,**  
 (New York: Continuum, 1996),  
 \$24.95, hardcover, 209 pages

**M**oser, who is fast becoming the BDSM community's pet sociologist, and Madeson, an active participant of the BDSM scene in San Francisco, wrote this book to explain BDSM to the outsider. Moser wrote the first three chapters which present basic definitions of BDSM and a brief synopsis of the academic literature on it. Madeson wrote the other nine chapters which describe what BDSMers actually do and include discussions of roles, toys, organizations, relationships, the law, and more.

I like much of Moser's previous work, but I have a number of problems with this one. It uses far too many quotations and many of these are not completely attributed, some are just an author and title dumped in the midst of a discussion. Others are from personal interviews. There is no bibliography to clarify matters. The footnotes list the same few sources over and over



again: *Coming to Power*, *Different Loving*, *Screw the Roses*, and *Urban Aboriginals*. All are good books, but one begins to wonder if Moser and Madeson have anything original to say.

Madeson does provide a good description of the BDSM lifestyle and is at her best when describing the diversity of BDSMers, the experiences they enjoy, and especially their relationships which range from cou-

ples to threesomes and moresomes. Many BDSMers maintain sexual relations with vanilla friends (and even unknowing spouses) while still regularly indulging their BDSM desires. She needed to say more about this, especially about the problem secret infidelity poses for a community that purports to value trust and honor above all else.

Madeson's description of how she became involved in the scene is particularly interesting from a historical perspective. She'd had BDSM feelings and fantasies for some time, felt guilty about them, researched on her own, and eventually managed to find a local support group in which she became an active member. This was the norm when she (and for the matter I) entered the scene about 15 years ago, but not anymore. At this point there is online mass recruitment for the BDSM lifestyle.

Virtually every newcomer I've met at parties and meetings over the last few years discovered BDSM online and only a handful reported any interest in it before hearing about it online. BDSM has become the *kink de jour*, and the scene is changing because of this.

Madeson is also quite mistaken that people in their twenties are welcomed by the BDSM community. Perhaps in San Francisco, but not in any group I've visited. The young are at best ignored and are more often hounded out of BDSM groups out of fear that their proximity to the magical age of 21 will bring police attention.

The bias of the authors in favor of BDSM is so obvious I find it hard to believe the book will sway the social science establishment. Its positive assertions verge on propaganda. At one point Madeson declares

continued on pg 61

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# BOOK REVIEW too by Carolyn Vakesh

## The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World

Elaine Scarry, (NY: Oxford University Press, 1985), 385 pages, \$12.95 paperback

Pain is something talked about a lot in the BDSM community, but not with any great depth or explication. Pain is described as good or bad, burning or stinging and left at that. While Elaine Scarry, a Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is talking about pain in general, but of what she says is applicable to BDSM.

Reading this book will forever change the way you think about pain; assuming you can get through it. Written for academics, it is quite dense. Several of her arguments assume the reader is familiar with deconstruction and other forms of literary analysis. Only the first half deals with pain, though, so you needn't read it all. The second half discusses imagination and its role in creation.

She identifies eight essential aspects of pain: **First** pain is deeply aversive — an experience that we try to move away from. **Second** is a confusion of agency. That is, we begin to blame our body for reacting with pain to an external cause, and we perceive pain originating from inside the body as being an external enemy. These two reactions eventually give way to the **third** element, the feeling that one's body and voice no longer belong to oneself.

The **fourth** brings together the public and the private with, "all the solitude of absolute privacy with none of its safety, all the self-exposure of the utterly public with none of its possibility for camaraderie or shared experience."

**Fifth** is its ability to destroy language as even our begging gives way to pre-language grunts and cries. **Sixth** is the obliteration of elements of our consciousness including complex thought, emotions, and even physical perceptions like sight and sound.

This obliteration of the rest of consciousness brings about the **seventh** element: totality. Pain displaces all else in the consciousness, narrowing one's experience of the world to the realm of pain until, "there is nothing audible or visible, there is nothing that can be touched or smelled that is not the palpable

manifestation of the prisoner's pain." Finally, **eighth** is pain's unreal quality to any but the sufferer. This denial isolates him from the world, ripping it from him.

The torturer undergoes a similar transformation as he overcomes the body of his victim, forcing it to his purposes. As the prisoner begins to lose his ability to express himself, the torturer's power increases. He is now able to speak with two voices: his own and the forced voice of the prisoner.

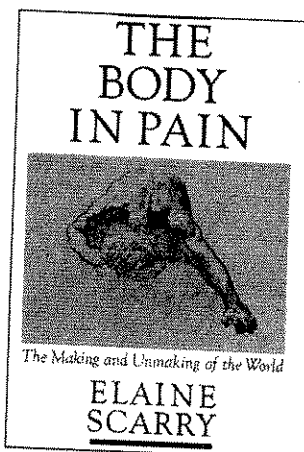
Pain, because it is, "overwhelmingly present, more emphatically real than any other human experience," destroys our ability to imagine and hence our world. "In serious pain, the claims of the body utterly nullify the claims of the world." For better or

worse it is this aspect of pain that attracts some people to BDSM. Pain focuses the recipient's attention on it to such an extent that the rest of the world, and all its problems cease to exist while it is endured. As Karl Marx said, "there is only one antidote to mental suffering, and that is physical pain."

And yet pain, "is almost invisible to anyone else, unfelt, and unknown." Another person's pain cannot be shared. For that matter, it cannot even be adequately described. Here too BDSMers match her description. Despite our interest in pain we don't actually talk about it much. We talk about dealing with it and what it does for us, or where it takes us, but not about pain itself, and certainly not heavy pain. Instead, we point out the marks on our bodies that pain has left. We pursue it, revel in it, but have trouble describing it.

Scarry offers numerous interesting insights to those of us who play with pain. For example, the importance of display. Torturers routinely display the tools of their trade to their victims, even forcing them to look at them. Their purpose being is to develop in the mind of the victim the illusion of the torturer's supreme power. It is a trick that many experienced tops use.

While much of Scarry's work has little applicability to BDSM, the sections on pain are well worth reading, and provide a starting place to understand why we pursue what most people avoid. ♦



# MOVIE REVIEW

by Gerrie Blum

## "Didn't Do It For Love"

A Documentary of the Life of Eva Norvind.

Directed by Monika Treut

**A**va Taurel is only one of the names used by Eva Norvind as she went through several careers and several countries in her adventurous life.

And, it's all here, in black and white and color — warts and all! She holds almost nothing back, including an interview in Norway with her rather disagreeable mother, of whom she asks some hard questions about the way she was treated while growing up.

Born Saksonya Kajanus (spelling is approximate) she grew up in France and Norway, where she had moved at an early age, became Eva Norvind, became a dancer and went to Mexico, via New York City to become "La Norvind," a "blond bombshell" in the Monroe/ Mansfield style. She made several movies with big name co-stars. Growing out of this notoriety was her next career: as a government prostitute with international VIP's as her clients.

• **The Black Book:** Now in its 5th kinky edition. A colossal national directory of sex-related resources! Nothing else like it. \$20 + age statement (\$24 Canada/Mexico, \$28 overseas).

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When she returned to the US in the '80's, it was as Ava Taurel, a professional dominatrix (see *Claudia Varrin's* book excerpt in issue 29 for more). She was a popular NYC party-giver and her Taurel Institute was the starting place for several dominatrices under her tutelage. She became a public spokesperson for BDSM and appeared on a number of nationally televised talk shows. The Learning Annex had her travel to several of their locations around the country to give classes on the art of dominance and submission.

Then came the '90's and she dropped out of sight in the New York scene. She had once again made a career change, going back to college to earn a degree as a criminal psychologist and now spends her working hours in prison, counselling inmates.

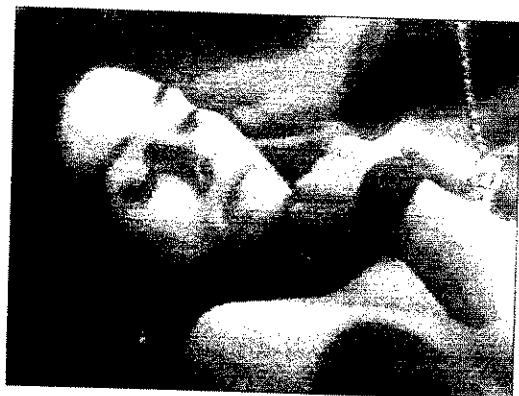
This documentary film of her adventures, made by Monika Treut will probably show up in many major cities during the coming year. One can also anticipate it being on video in the near future.

It is a fascinating look at an unusual woman, who, at fifty-four, is willing to tell a lot of truth about her life. ♦

# Homage à Réage

by Charles Lonberger

**O**n April 26th, the woman known professionally as Dominique Aury, popularly known by her pen name Pauline Réage, and whose real identity remains unknown, died in Paris at 90 years of age. The announcement of her death was delayed a week, to keep the funeral secret. The names of surviving family members were not divulged, and no further information was released.



Her accomplishments were many: as a journalist, editor, translator and award-winning poet, who sat on many prestigious literary boards in France, and nationally lauded as a *chevalier* in the Legion of Honor. Yet her greatest contribution lay in the realm of narrative fiction, in particular, the immortal *Story of O* and the exquisite *A Girl in Love*.

When the mystical, mysterious *Story of O*, was published in 1954, it was met with two basic responses: that of the intelligentsia and literati, who, in awarding the *Prix des Deux Magots* in 1955, acknowledged its superb literary accomplishment, and, in stark contrast, the at best hypocritical condemnation that first manifested itself through a ban on

advertising in support of it, which later hardened into the fury of feminists intent on suppressing it.

For Aury challenged the world by the honesty of her fictional self-portrait, expressing and acknowledging her mirror image, with no self-delusion. Written in a white heat, primarily between dusk and daybreak, Aury transcended the terrible fear of loss that inspired it, giving voice to an ardor reminiscent of religious martyrs, tortured by masochistic passion. The book was many things to the woman who wrote it: a memory of youthful love, both unrequited and betrayed (in the characters of Rene, and Jacqueline), a tribute to north African Odiéle, making an icon of a friend, a fantasy of an impression (a glimpse of a silent, self-composed man with bisexual appeal became Sir Stephan), and a paean to her adulterous lover and publisher Jean-Paul Paulhan. ("All of a sudden, thanks to the man I loved, I did acknowledge myself and hence forth would share it with any and all, perfectly prostituted in the anonymity of a book.") Through it, all, Aury was not passive, but the one who initiated and controlled the fantasies. For all of those of less honesty among her sex who insisted that the work could only be, "the creation of a male fantasy," Aury insisted that, although she stopped writing only when Paulhan gave her permission to, as her publisher he changed only one word of



her submitted text,

Her other great accomplishment, *A Girl in Love*, was written more than a decade later. It is a brief, but unforgettably moving account of a clandestine love affair between a single woman living with her mother, and a married man, living with his wife and family, written by Aury from the Neuilly clinic where Paulhan lay dying. It is confessional and emotional, but composed with a journalist's objectivity. Despite her great devotion to Paulhan (she wore a gold scarab ring he bought her to the grave), Aury was clear-eyed when it came to relationships. "He whom you love is your accomplice and you, his. Faithfulness of the heart and freedom of the body - a miracle, a reconciliation of Opposites. What a dream." Yet, she remained coldly realistic about that dream, concluding, "What is the end of love, but death?"

And so, death has at last claimed her, this girl from Normandy, but not before reminding us all of the centrality of love, the dance of the creative and the destructive, and the ease with which a heart can be broken. Now lost to the mists of time, she remains our perfect, haunting, and eternal slave. ❖

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## Bed Bondage on a Budget



by Noreen & Robert

**S**ometimes the exigencies of the moment necessitate the use of a bedroom or dungeon space other than the one that you normally use.

What we normally do in that situation is to use a motel and we have to carry our toys with us.

The immediate problem was how to restrain a woman in four-point restraint when it is not feasible to attach anything permanently to either the bed or the floor. The solution was to take a quick trip to our favorite perverts toy store, the Home Depot (or "Dom Depot" as it has been called in these pages) and wander down the restraints aisle. There we found bags of plastic chain, fifteen feet in length, in white or yellow, as well as the snap hooks to go with them.

We run one length of chain under the mattress at the head of the bed, and another at the foot of the bed. This leaves a lot of slack, but ...

Using wrist and ankle re-

straints, and double snap-hooks, it is simple to fasten someone in a spread-eagle position with the chain. Because the links are about one inch long, it is easy to adjust the person to whatever tension is desired (we do not recommend using a winch!). And, because there is then so much extra chain, it is also possible to fasten both wrists and ankles to the same chain (the one at the head of the bed and the position created is one of extreme availability).

One word of caution: be careful when you put your hands under the mattress in a motel. You never know what you might find there. Drop the chain to the box-spring level and slide it under the mattress. Do not try to use your hands to push the chain through at the center of the mattress, lest you find a "surprise" under the mattress! ♦

*(Noreen and Robert have been together for several years, playing at clubs or motels. He is also a crack whipcracker and practices every morning before going to work!)*

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# Bite Me!

continued from pg 43

and drink a lot with your fangs in, denture cleaner is just overkill.

Typically, file-and-buff maintenance is enough to keep fangs bright and shiny. The place to go to find an F/X specialist is either the local science-fiction/fantasy/roleplaying store or in an advertisement in the back of a "gothic" magazine (a term for a subculture of people who like the darker things in life) like *Blue Blood*, *Propaganda*, or *Carpe Noctem*. They are easy to special order at your book store. Smaller, independent science-fiction/fantasy/roleplaying specialty stores often have bulletin boards of people advertising F/X services in addition to people looking for more players for role-playing games. This is the place to find an on-going game of Masquerade as well. Or, tell the salesperson behind

the counter what you are looking for. These stores have a tradition of very well informed staff, and the salesperson will not only be able to help you, but will not look at you funny for asking. Last but not least, you can go on the web and find F/X specialists to make your fangs. Do a search for "special effects artists" or even "fangs" with any substantial search engine and you should get a handy selection. If all else fails, go to the links site Dark Side of the Web <[www.gothic.net/darkside/](http://www.gothic.net/darkside/)> and to their listing of links to online shops, where there is a category for make-up/teeth/eyes.

## One Last Drop — er, Word

The paradigm of vampire-Dom/human-sub outlined in this article is not the only way to go, of

course. You can design your relationship around a classic book, or one of the role-playing games, or one of your own invention.

In our house, my Master is the head vampire, and I am a "younger" (which means weaker) vampire. I love fangs so much I had to get my own pair, and it has opened up other avenues of domination for my Master. Instead of finding prey for him, I have to get my own prey, bring them into his presence, and bite them for his visual delight. And when I have been a tremendously good little submissive vampire girl, my Master lets me bite *him* — which is an honor and a thrill for me! As in any fetish and role-play, the point is to have fun; so get some fangs, get creative, and remember the Polident!❖

*(Kim Boo and her vampire live in Florida and she has written for The Guardian on other topics.)*

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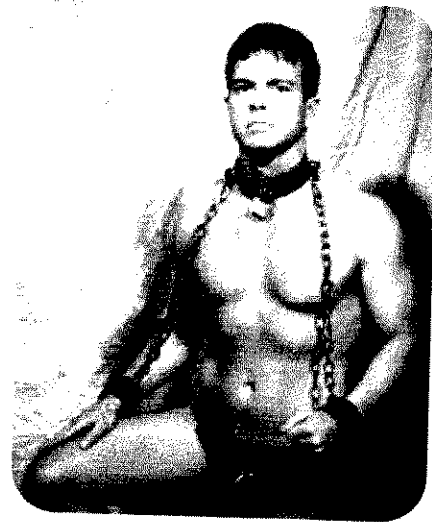


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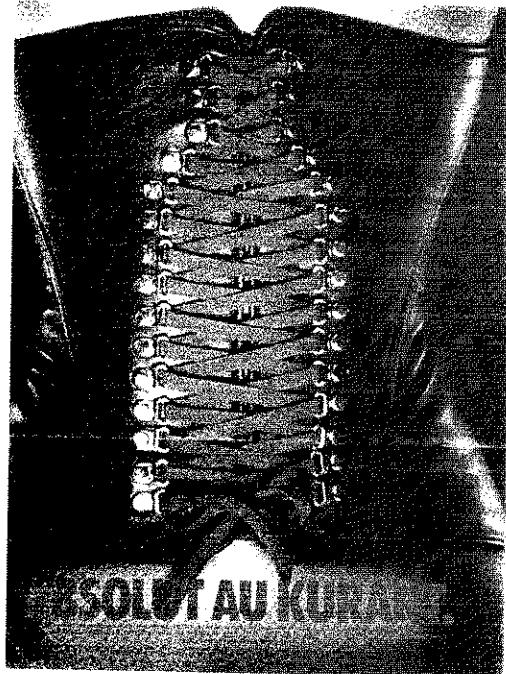
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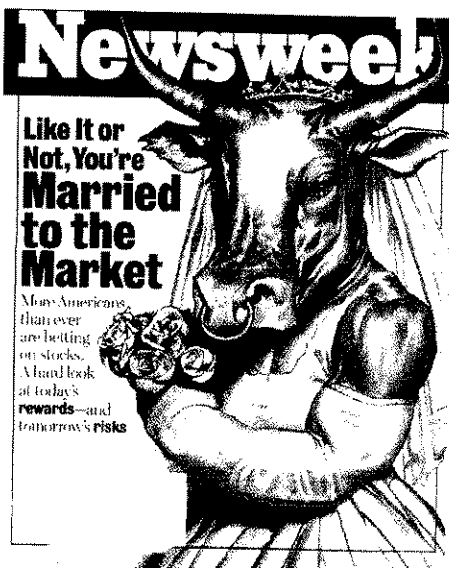
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California!



From Bonnie and Kevin in Ohio :

This photo is of a billboard outside a  
church three blocks from our house. We  
were driving past when I did a double take!  
To "top it off," the pastor's wife came  
home and drove past us while we were in  
the driveway taking photos!

We hope readers find this photo as  
ironic as we did.

## Spanking Arrest from "Suffolk County Life"

Suffolk County, NY Police last week arrested a 40-year-old man for making telephone calls to women and allegedly asking them to spank him.

Four women from the area said they have been victimized by Robert Pawelko, who, the women said, repeatedly telephoned them and asked them to either spank him or allow him to spank them, police said.

Police said Pawelko identified himself as "Bad Boy Billy" to some of his victims and reportedly

offered them money. After making the telephone call, he allegedly tried to meet the women by going to their homes or places of employment.

Police arrested Pawelko and charged him with four counts of aggravated harassment and three counts of first degree harassment. he was released on station house bail for appearance at First District Court at a later date.

Police have asked anyone who has received similar telephone calls to call the Crime Section. ♦



From the NEW YORKER. Yes, the NEW YORKER!

Along with the other whimsical items offered in this "auction" was:

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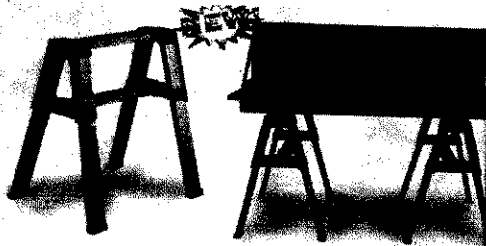
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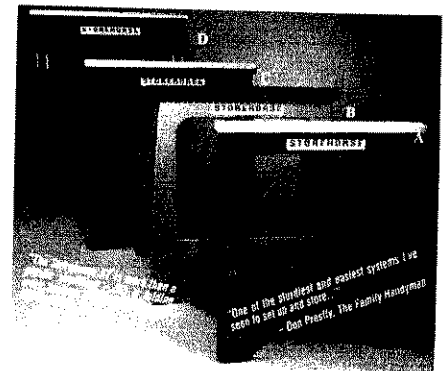
Among the usual home hobbyist power tools and such, this company offers some interesting sawhorse options for those who want to build their own spanking benches, and the first sawhorse brackets we've seen that can be used to build solid tables.

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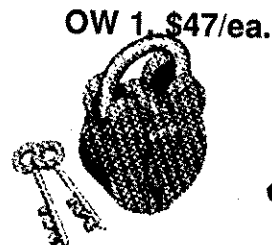
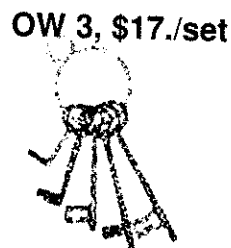
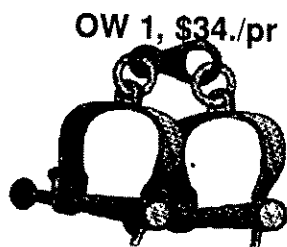
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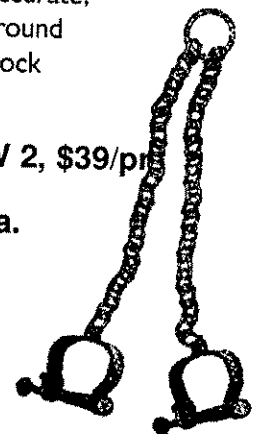
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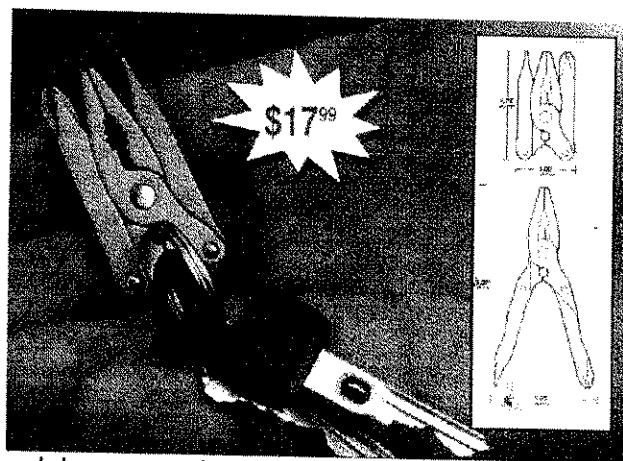
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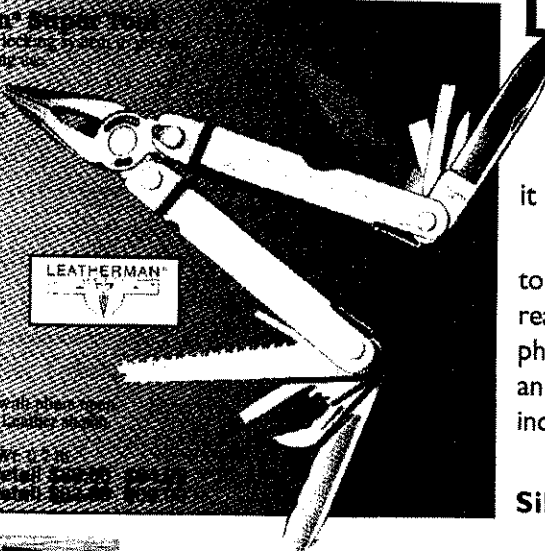
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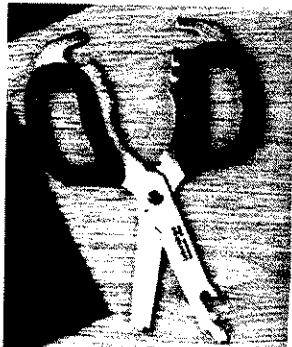
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# Updates on the Legal Issues In Our Communities

The Spanner Men, Carter Stevens,  
Chris Scanlon, The Houghtons, and  
Oliver Jovanovic

## Spanner Aftermath

by Des de Moor

**I**t's been more than a year since the Spanner case was officially closed. The European Court found that the British Government did indeed have a right to jail those found engaging in consenting SM activities, "for the protection of public safety."

Nonetheless, no further cases have since been brought, which tends to support the view that Spanner was very much an

extraordinary "one-off" rather than a consistent clampdown.

The only similar case, against a man who consensually branded his wife, was brought while Spanner was still rumbling through the courts: it was lost on appeal in a judgement that seemed to contradict Spanner, by judges anxious *not* to interfere in what they considered a private matter. It seems clear that a more sympathetic view was taken of a heterosexual married couple than of a large group of gay men.

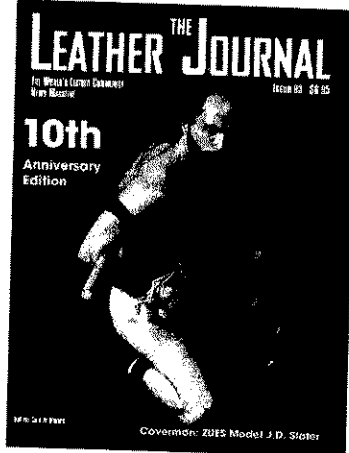


Nevertheless, the judgement remains a precedent under British law for the future legal harassment of sado-masochists, should the state ever require it. It may be overturned by proposed reforms of

the assault laws, though these await the final report of an ongoing enquiry by The Law Commission, who have been involving SM groups in their process.

The impact of the case, however, has been felt far beyond the courts. **Countdown on Spanner's** Rob Grover says, "We lost the case but won the war," pointing to the improved visibility of SM and its increased acceptability among the general public as a sexual alternative. The campaign has been reincarnated on a more general basis whose main activity is organising the annual autumn **SM Pride** event in London.

**The Spanner Trust**, set up to raise money for the case, still has a little left over after paying the lawyers' bills and is continuing as an "insurance fund for the future," for use in campaigning to change the law and to support those persecuted for SM activities whether in Britain or abroad. Reflecting the way that Spanner brought together the international SM community as never before, Spanner groups with similar aims have emerged in Paris and Amsterdam. The police officers who arrested those sixteen unfor-



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tunate men back in 1991 had no idea what they were starting!

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### Carter Stevens vs Cosmo

**T**he Hearst Corporation and their lawyers seem to be enjoying their foray into the wonderful world of BDSM! They refuse to let go of what appears to be a very weak case against **Carter Stevens Productions** for what they call the improper use of their trademark, "Cosmopolitan" on a magazine of CSP's called "**Cosmopolitan Domination.**" They are still taking depositions and will probably go to trial in the Fall.

### The Houghton Sham ... It's a Shame — but Not a Scam.

**I**f you buy tickets for a wrestling match and they are counterfeit ... that's a Scam! If the tickets are good and you expect to see a wrestling *competition* you may feel that the exhibition was a Sham. Which would be a Shame, because you should have known better.

At any rate, by the time this goes to press, the Houghton Family will have departed New York State to start their lives over again elsewhere; and *The Guardian* is free to reveal the deep dark secrets we promised to keep when there was still fundraising going on.

What is the "Sham?" It was a family member's greed rather

than an official witch hunt that brought the Houghtons to grief.

Which is not to say the case was not about S/M. It was not *only* about S/M ... it was also about money and family — a real soap opera! There was a Trust Fund for the children, to be administered by their parents, or a guardian. The sum looked large enough to the people involved to make it worthwhile to betray a sibling ... and, basically, that's what happened. The videotape and the lifestyle were simply a way to contest Mr. Houghton's custody of that money.

Secret number two is *our* secret. After the initial enthusiasm, we at *The Guardian* were very doubtful that anything substantial would be accomplished for anyone but the Houghtons themselves. (And certainly their ability to defend themselves would have been greatly reduced without the money raised on their behalf.) The first reason for doubting was that the case was in Family Court, which is a world unto itself. At that point, the assertion that "precedent" would be set was at least a *little* deceptive. It became moreso after the defendants entered "guilty" pleas, because precedent is made in appellate courts on matters of Law, not in lower courts on matters of fact. At that point there was no further benefit to the "community" to be gained from the case — except that continuing to go through the motions was still ... as I was told by a prominent Boston figure, — "politically correct." And some fundraisers were able to give each other award plaques.

We have not heard from the Houghtons since May, at which

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time they had been out of contact with their fundraisers for many months. We do not expect to be hearing from them again. It's a pity. They were very attractive "poster kids."

### Scanlon vs GMSMA *et al*

**S**ince May, the tenor of the Scanlon Case has changed. Where formerly the issue was whether Chris Scanlon had the legal right to suppress the use of photographs he had taken, by June the issue was whether the community should hang him in effigy or burn him in Binghamton! The defendants have taken their case "to the Community," and were successful in having Scanlon barred from attending the New York Leather Pride Night Activities. While private opinions vary ... the *public* opinion of people and groups is that Scanlon is a very bad man for having taken his grievances to court when he

continued on pg 56

could not receive satisfaction from the Defendants!

In addition, court watchers for the defendants report that Federal Judge Constance Baker Motley's demeanor indicated that she was not paying close attention to testimony, and appeared to just *not* want to have anything to do with either side or their arguments. She then asked for additional summations of issues already addressed, and for arguments on issues not dealing with copyright law — all of which increases the expense to both sides equally. Her decision, promised for May 15th, has not yet been rendered. We will continue to follow this case into our next issue.

## Jovanovic Verdict

Technically, this case involves a defendant, and his accuser, who are *not* considered to

be members of the "community" in New York.

However, the issues raised, and the jury finding of Guilty, are very much of concern to all of us. At this writing the verdict is being appealed to the New York Appellate Division, while Oliver Jovanovic remains incarcerated for **fifteen years to life** for his crimes.

The core of the case is this: He was accused and convicted of having met a young woman in an **America Online** chatroom, made a date with her after several months of correspondence, and kept her against her will for many hours. The only charge

that was able to be proved evidentially, was that he poured hot wax on her! (Other charges of penetration with a baton, biting and forceable immobilization were not well substantiated by the evidence.)

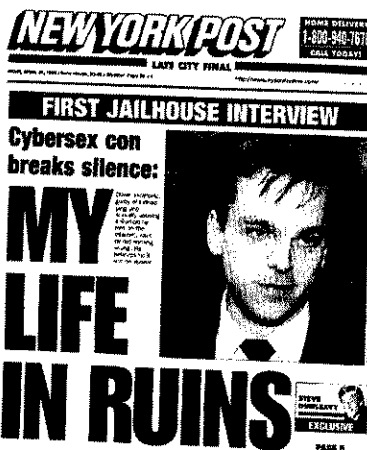
The publishers of *The Guardian* were interviewed by the defense attorneys, in

part because of concern that the prosecution was bringing in their "experts" to "prove" that there is an "organized community" that has "rules and regulations" that "everyone" knows and observes and that Oliver Jovanovic broke these rules! One in particular that we were asked about was the use of safewords. (See article in issue 18)

When the result of this trial is coupled with the recent statement that came out of the Leather Leadership conference, and the article in this issue by Guy Baldwin, it should be a cause for concern for all of us.

On the one hand, the court seemed to be declaring that unwritten community customs have an equal footing with state criminal law, and on the other, we have a growing enthusiasm among members of our communities for vigilantism and "enforcement."

We will continue to follow all of these cases and report on them in future issues. ♦



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# Libel and Slander

by Mitch Kessler

When arguments grow heated, public and abusive, threats of slander and libel actions spring up like dandelions. Whether the gentry who make these threats are aware of it or not, private persons rarely actually bring these suits, almost never win them, and only very rarely collect damages in the amount of their legal expenses. In "defamation" law, the plaintiff has extraordinary burdens of proof to meet, showing that, 1) the defamatory statement is untrue 2) the defendant *knew* her/his representations were false 3) members of the plaintiff's "community" *believed* the untrue statements and, 4) the defendant suffered monetary loss as a result.

There are only four circumstances under which money damages do *not* need to be proven: when there are false attributions of, 1) "heinous crime," 2) "having a loathsome disease," 3) "depraved unchastity" in a man, 4) any "unchastity" in a woman.

Mere deprecation does not constitute libel or slander. A rude, abusive opinion is still just an opinion. To state that So-and-so is, "a dishonest,

carnal, ungodly person," is not defamatory at law.

Saying So-and-so sells watered whiskey *is* — but only if people stop buying the whiskey.

Researching this topic, I found a common thread among legal writers: one of ex-

treme discomfort with the entire defamation issue. The consensus seems to be that Libel/ Slander law tends to

have a chilling effect on First Amendment rights of Speech and Press ... but does not protect individuals from vilification, compensate them for their distress, nor prevent what ordinary people would call, "defamation of character."

Further, the experts argue, many of the concepts in defamation law come from 18th century theories, conditions and necessities that no longer apply, and which perhaps never did apply in the United States. They speculate that libel suits were continued after the passage of the First Amendment, due to, "overwhelming public interest," in that these lawsuits tended to prevent dueling and barn-burning. ♦



**Mere deprecation  
does not constitute  
libel or slander.**

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# Would Sparing Rod Spoil Race?

## Restrictions placed on use of crops

Excerpted from *Newsday*, May 12, 1998  
by Paul Moran, Staff Writer,

It is part of racing's image. Huge, powerful animals, with fearless humans dressed in colorful silks and stretched precariously over their withers, each in symphonic harmony with a half-ton of self-propelled, intensely focused muscle; flared nostrils, wild eyes; thundering hooves, flying dirt and the staccato snap of leather whips against burnished hide. In slow motion, a multiple-horse stretch drive is poetic, a ballet in muscle and leather. In real time, it can be an almost violent blur, a pitched battle between horses strained to the limits of their ability, the boundaries of Will and courage, running shoulder to shoulder beneath a flurry of whips.

Whatever amount of athletic ability and horsemanship a jockey brings to the table, the whip is the only visible tool. The word itself is pejorative. It connotes punishment, pain, intimidation. Yet it is also a tool considered by jockeys to be essential in maintaining control of a horse; a tool essential in exerting maximum effort from some horses in a game in which owners, trainers and bettors demand maximum effort. It is the image of humans whipping horses, the perception of punishment, that many in racing see as uncomfortable. A spate of recent rules defining what is acceptable and unacceptable use of the whip is evidence of that discomfort. Such rules are now on the books in California, Kentucky and New York the nation's three most important racing states. All three rules are essentially the same. They prohibit riders from striking a horse on the head, flanks or anywhere other than the shoulders or hindquarters. Use of the whip is prohibited during the post parade or after a race

unless the intent is to control the horse.

Whipping cannot cause welts or breaks in the skin. The whip cannot be used when a horse is clearly out of a race or has obtained its maximum placing. Whipping cannot be persistent when a horse shows no response. A rider must show the whip to the horse before striking the first blow and must use the whip in rhythm with the horse's stride. Whips are limited to thirty-one inches and eight ounces.

According to a steward at the New York Racing Association tracks, "The new rules are really no different than the rules we have always had. It looks better for the public and the animal rights people. But the truth is, we've always protected the horses."

Another smaller faction closely associated with

By Paul Moran  
STAFF WRITER

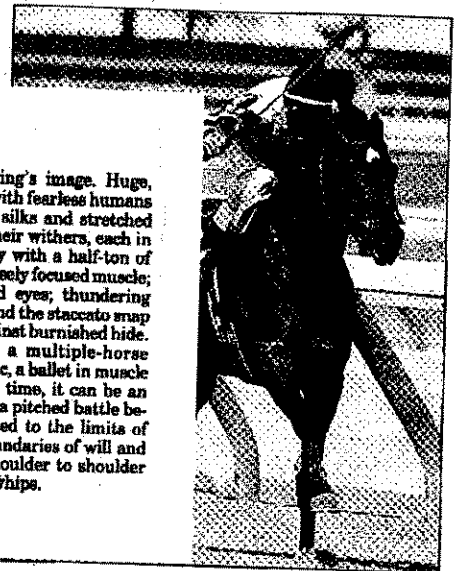
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By Paul Moran  
STAFF WRITER

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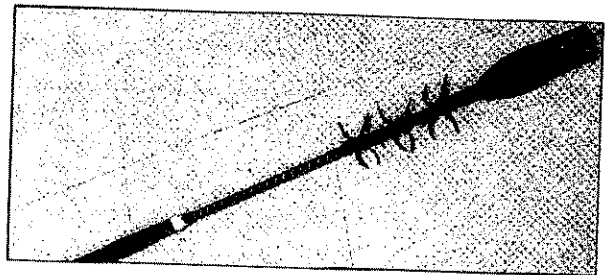
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same. They prohibit riders from striking a horse on the head, flanks or anywhere other than the shoulders or hindquarters. Use of the whip is prohibited during the post parade or after a race

Shawn Bridgman, the nation's leading apprentice jockey, gives the 4-year-old My Native Son a crack of the whip as he guides her to a 5 1/4-length victory on April 22 at Aqueduct.

ty, about the racing industry's treatment of the whip from the equation altogether.





... show the whip...  
before striking  
the first blow and  
... use the whip  
in rhythm ...

the sport supports removing the whip altogether. "As long as the playing field is level, there will always be a winner. Why should we not opt to be kinder to the horse?" said Monty Roberts, author of the best-seller, *The Man Who Listens to Horses*, and among the most vocal supporters of whipless racing. "Without the whip, somebody would still be first in every race." ❖

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# Is Neatsfoot Oil Bad for Your Leather ?

## ◆ The Dialog Continues ◆

(See Issue 29 for more)

*Mike G. writes:*

I have been using neatsfoot oil on my leathers for years ... and have been told recently it is not good for human use

Is there a better oil to use to maintain the leather of my flogger and cat. I wash them and oil them after each use.

**Mitch replies:**

I'd love to hear more about what you heard ... and from whom ... cuz frankly, I think it's a crock.

There is a legend about Neatsfoot oil not being good for leather. As a matter of fact, this whole topic happens to be a 1-page article in issue 29, but I've never heard about it being "not good for human use."

Neatsfoot oil is rendered from cattle hooves and bones. It's about as toxic as tallow — less subject to decomposition than bacon grease. So ... unless someone is a vegetarian, I don't see what the concern is.

Personally, I prefer Lexol™ to Neatsfoot oil to recondition leather. With the frequency of cleansing you give your equipment, you might

find the **Care** brand system: leather cleaner and conditioner more convenient.

Now I've got a couple of questions in return. I'm assuming that you clean your cat and flogger in response to "viral concerns" — is that the case? and what kind of equipment are you caring for this way — how many strands to the flogger ... is the cat braided ... and how is it holding up under this regime?

*To which Mike then wrote:*

Yes I do it for viral reasons and they are not holding up well at all. I use a 20 strand flogger 18" long and a 24". The 24" has only 17 strands left! The cat is braided and 23" now. It was longer ... 27 or 30" if I remember right. The ends have broken off all of the strands.

I guess that I will get about 3/4 years use with washing like I am now. Then I will buy new ones. I wash them in antibacterial soap with bleach, then heavy oil after each washing, and leave them in oil for several hours every 3rd or 4th time I wash.... wash maybe 3 times a week. I will try the Lexol.

Oh, the person I was speaking with works at NIH (National Institutes of Health), and said they had done research on oils and found that Neatsfoot had the ability to support viral and bacterial growth.

I have not purchased any from you yet ... but have seen one of your whips ... a braided cat ... *It was very nice!*

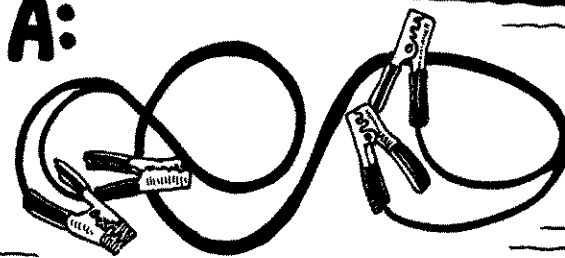
Dear Mitch and Gerrie,

You are very nearly always right, but I'm afraid I have to disagree with you this time. Our experience with Neatsfoot oil and Lexol™ has not been as benign as yours. In our experience, chrome-tanned leathers do fine with any of these products, but thin vegetable-tanned leathers do not. One of the leather merchants I deal with says you might as well pour battery acid on it and be done with it, and I agree. Neatsfoot oil seems to weaken the fibers of the leather. What we've found works best is a solid fat (coconut oil for us vegetarians or beef tallow or lard for meat eaters) by itself or combined with saddle soap.

*Carolyn*

**Q: HOW DO TWO HARDENED  
BOTTOMS PLAY TUG-O-WAR?**

**A:**



## Moser-Madeson Book Review

continued from pg 44

that BDSMers are more emotionally stable than the general community — an assertion that would be very hard to prove and certainly doesn't match my experience. The chapter on the "downside" of BDSM discusses minor play accidents and problems with airport security, rather than deeper issues such as the very real danger of losing children in custody fights and to overzealous social service employees.

Despite my objections, I actually liked this book. Unlike many recent titles it is concise, to the point, and captures the diversity of BDSM experience. Certainly, social science studies of BDSM remain at the "gee whiz, do people really do that?" stage of investigation, but they are improving. This would be a good book to give vanilla friends and perhaps others you want to come out to. People already into BDSM will find little of interest here especially if they've already read the books so much of it is based on. Hopefully the authors or other scholars build from this foundation in the future. With close to thirty years of an organized BDSM community that has evolved over time, significantly changing the nature of BDSM and how scenes and relationships are constructed, there is ample data for more investigation. It is also time for scholars to begin asking harder questions. ❖

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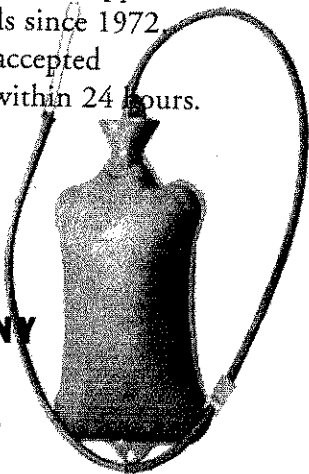
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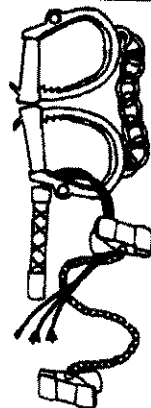
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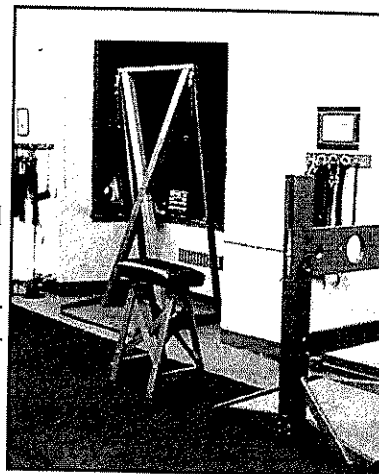
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# From Adam and Gillian's Mail and e-Mail

Dear Friends,

Your rubber strap is very reminiscent of the ones used by school teachers in Ontario, Canada during the late 1950's (they might well have been used longer than that). They were usually applied to the palms of the hands, or in some instances, to the backside. The latter was my first experience with "getting the strap", but I did have my fair share of encounters in both ways before my grammar school days were over.

There are two distinct differences between yours and the straps I got to know during school days. One is that the old ones had a very grainy texture, almost like sand had been impregnated in the material. The other was that they had a bumpy surface molded or embossed onto the surface (circles, maybe an eighth inch in diameter, all over the striking surface!).

If you ever come up with something like this please let me know.

Regards,  
Geo

P.S. Your catalogue description is absolutely correct - there is a very distinctive initial sting, plus a longer term after-effect to be savored and contemplated. Anyone looking for something like this should buy one of your "Bear" models.

Dear Adam & Gillian:

We are new at this. We are in a position where we don't

want to make a lot of noise (not the yelling kind!). And "she", the bottom, bruises kind of easily. A little here and there is okay, but nothing that lasts more than a day or two, please. Pain tolerance varies. Mostly moderate, maybe a little more. What all would you suggest? Thanks for any help.....

Bunnyblink

## Adam Replies:

If noise is an issue, then I suggest the **Basic Hydra™** and the **Loopy Johnny™** (a current "favorite" of the cyber set — it gets discussed in the newsgroups from time to time). They are both made of light-weight, "o-ring" neoprene and are very sting-y. They are not expensive (in the \$35-45 range) and small enough to be controlled by someone who is "new to this."

Another choice, and, "something completely different," is **The Paddle**. If you like "thud" more than "sting," this may be a good choice. Because it is made of harness leather with a Delrin core, it does have a sound but it is a deep, thuddy tone. And paddles in general are the easiest to control and good for novices (on both ends of the transaction).

Hello:

My wonderfully anxious partner and sub went out and bought a custom-made bull whip as a SUBtle hint for my birthday. This whip is about as stiff as a fair sized hickory switch, and long before I ever use it on her, I will need to learn

to use it on inanimate objects properly. However, I fear for my own life, since the near-rigid thing seems to have a mind of its own!

Is there a magic oil or liniment I can have her apply to soften and do a pre-use break-in on this thing? It seems to be a finely crafted piece of leather, but surely there must be an effective way to soften it up a bit. Thanks for your advice and assistance.

H.W.T.

## Adam advises:

It sounds like your wonderfully anxious partner found you a high quality, single-tail whip braided in the Australian Style. The Aussie whipmakers like to plait their whips tight and hard, and wear them out over twenty or thirty years of daily use. They use kangaroo hide, which is thin, dense, strong and plentiful in Australia. Their tanning process omits the "toggling" and "stuffing" steps. In other words, the leather is *not* lubricated with oils and waxes, and is *not* mechanically softened before it is cut into laces.

But, unless the whip is intended to hang on a wall as a trophy or collector's item, Whip Crackers want a whip to be "snakey" and "flow like water." The very best Plaiters occasionally turn out a whip that is that way, or gets that way after a few days of hard use. But in general, a whip, even a loosely braided Latigo bullwhip from Mexico, needs some "breaking in." A skilled Cracker can work a whip into condition simply by using it. The shorter the whip, the more difficult the job. Whips in the three to six foot range, generally need a little help. The problem is that anything that breaks a whip in,

also helps to wear it out.

The most benign way to soften a new whip is to roll and flex it between the fingers until it reaches something approaching the desired consistency. While this does break leather fibers, a well cared for kangaroo hide whip will still last several decades in constant indoor use. For best results, wash your hands before working the leather, and replace the natural skin oils with a *little* hand lotion or petroleum jelly.

Circus and Rodeo Whip Crackers start greasing their whips almost from the very beginning. They say they do this as much to seal the leather against water as to make the whip shine — but they don't use wax or shoe polish which would do the same thing.

The pros favor pH-neutral petroleum products like **Pecard Leather Dressing™**, and the time-tested petroleum jelly. They use saddle soap, and plenty of water to clean their whips, but they do it as seldom as possible because saddle soap is strongly alkaline, and not good for the leather, *at all*. I cannot offer an opinion on silicone-based oils, or pH-neutral "beauty-bar" soaps. American Cowboys and Australian Stockmen are pretty conservative.

In fact, until very recently, the Australians swore by a preparation of boiled fat from lamb kidneys, not unlike homemade "soft soap." Some say the aroma prevented the livestock and barn-vermin from chewing on the leather, and helped the dogs to find their way back to

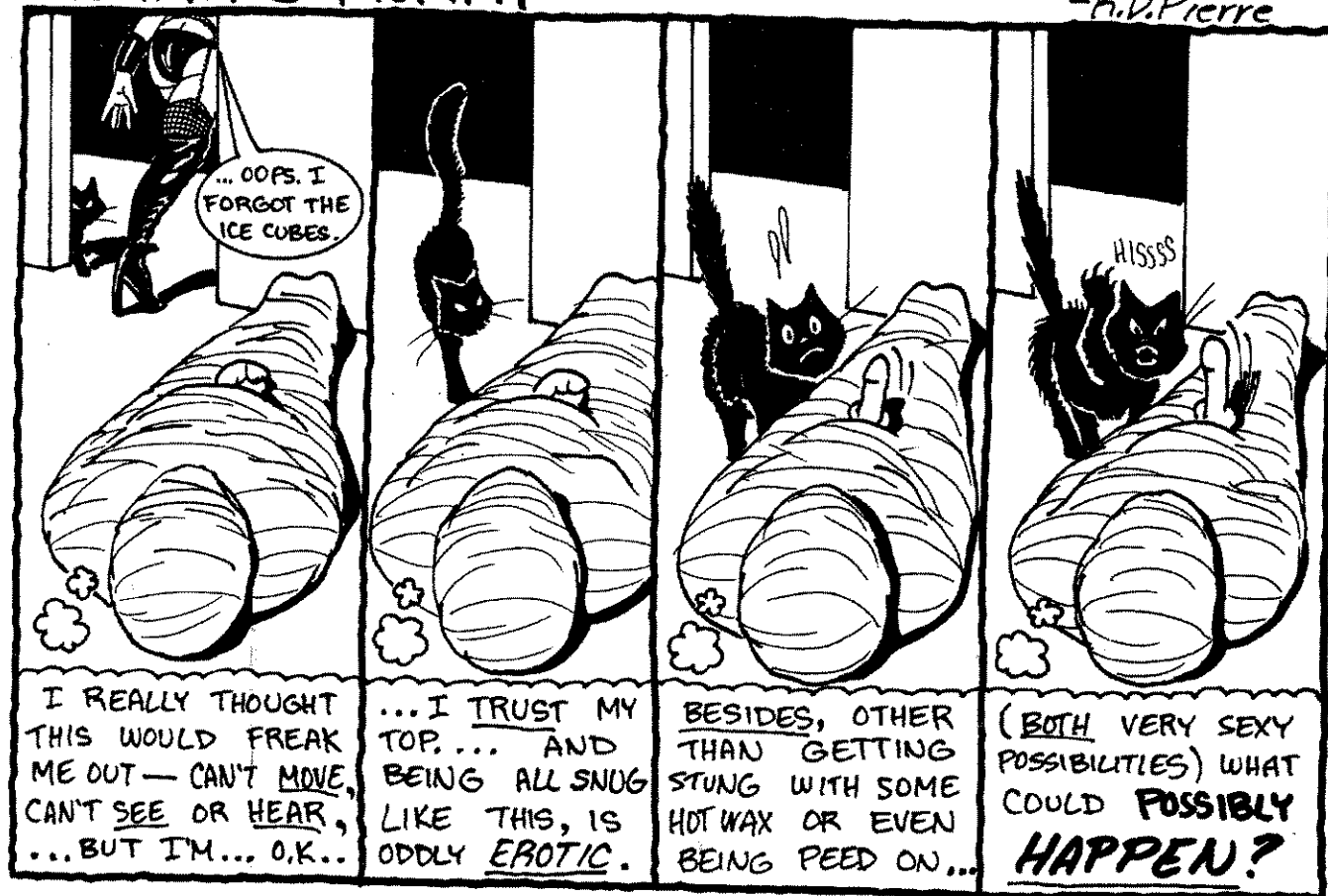
camp over astonishingly great distances. It also helped to attract women, by covering the scent of beer/vomit/horse-sweat that proclaims a real He-Man Jackaroo. Of course when one of these customers gets married, he needs a bottle of petroleum jelly to slick down his hair for the ceremony ... and, being thrifty, he thereafter finds uses for the residue — including whip-greasing. At least that's what the feller told me.

At any rate, that's the only "magic liniment" I know about. But for anyone who doesn't live alone in a lean-to — I'd suggest manual flexing and *sparing* use of petroleum jelly or Pecard Leather dressing, until the leather can be, well, whipped into shape.

continued on pg 64

## MURPHY'S MUMMY

-K.D. Pierre



## Adam and Gillian's Email continued from pg 63

Dear Folks:

I see that you have rubber straps available. Can you tell me what thickness the rubber is that you use? I've been looking for a rubber strap about three inches wide by about 12 inches long, with a fairly thick wooden handle, so it fits in the hand very well. I expect to get a lot of use out of such a strap; I wonder if they last a long time.

Gillian answers:

What thickness do we use?  
What thickness would you like?

Seriously, we have neoprene in both 1/4" and 3/16" (in black of course). We also do wooden handles, in both a Victorian style and

the familiar hammer handle, although I would recommend the leather, built-up handle as in "The Bears". We have been making them for almost ten years, and as far as we know, they are all still in service.

Dear Suckerfishermen:

Will **Suckerfish™** help elongate the nipples if used regularly? If not, what do you suggest? And do you have anything to make the areola more puffy?  
*Steve*

Gillian replies:

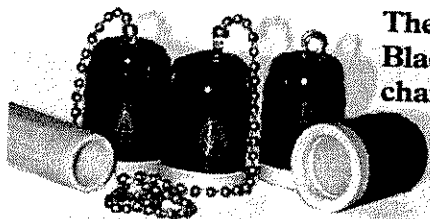
According to one of our customers, the **Black Suckerfish™** were so effective in correcting his

wife's inverted nipple problem, that he called again to order some for both her sisters! And, other satisfied users have told me similar stories. One fellow said that he had his lady wearing them daily ... and to work under her clothes (a large and roomy shirt, no doubt!) and that they were making a difference. Of course, it is only anecdotal, and we claim no specific benefit for the **Suckerfish**. They are "for recreational use only."

We have a brand new product that may interest you — the **Libertitty Bells™**. They are larger than the Suckerfish, and will usually completely engulf the areola. (The base is 2+ inches — twice the diameter of the **Black Suckerfish**.) Whether they will make hers more puffy is not known. ❖

## Adam and Gillian's Sensual Whips and Toys

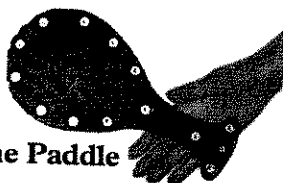
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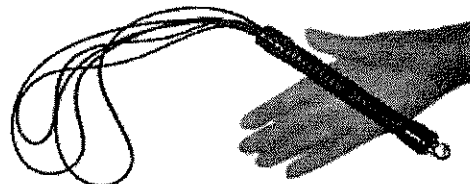
**The Suckerfish™**  
Black: with rings, with chain, or plain,  
Yellow-plain only -  
from \$6. to \$20/pr



Something new in  
**Signal Whips** — a fall!  
Makes the popper  
easier to replace.



**The Paddle**



**Loopy Johnny™** Only three little loops of neoprene, but, "Oh, MY!"

**Little Bear**  
**Great Bear**



These are just a few of the many items in our catalog. Printed version \$5.00  
or browse the electronic version at our web at no charge.  
Our catalog is **FREE** with a **Guardian** subscription.



"... but we don't take American Express!"

special dynamic and switches mesh into this easily, taking orders from one person and giving them to another; accepting pain from one hand while inflicting it on another.

I've watched a lot of couples play, and there are some very exciting ones out there who have never switched, but there's always something missing. If you really want to see hot scenes, if you want to see people who are deeply into BDSM, who put everything on the line and hold back nothing, look for the switches. That's where the action is!

So, I switch; not often perhaps, but regularly. And I do it not just for the reasons above, but because I enjoy it. I enjoy being hurt as much as I enjoy hurting. I relish the sensations of satiety and complete exhaustion when I've been pushed past my normal limits and can only hang, shuddering in the chains; just as I do the very similar sensations that come from having whipped my partner for hours, until I can no longer lift a whip and am dizzy and breathing hard from exertion. I love being in control, taking charge of

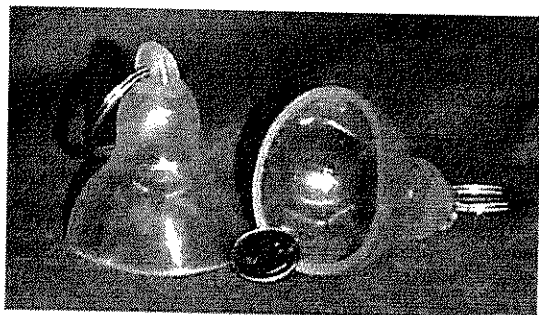
another person's every need and want and bending them to my whim and will as much as I love clearing my mind and submitting totally to the will of another. Both, in their own ways, are infinitely relaxing and pleasurable experiences.

Switching makes me complete. It balances my moods and harmonizes my soul. In a very real sense it makes me a better person. I've gone a year and more without switching, but I am always drawn back to it and I always feel better for having done it. There is, in fact, very little I won't try in BDSM, but I won't let you do to me what hasn't been done to you. ♦

---

## More on Suckers

(Also see Issue 20)



Suckerfish™, Libertitty Bells™ and "snakebite kits" all work on the same general principle. A soft "cup" is squeezed to reduce its interior volume. It is then placed in contact with the skin, pressing firmly enough to create a tight seal, and then released. The cup returns to its original shape and volume, lowering the air pressure inside ... which is what is called "suction" or "vacuum" — and the skin and soft flesh are drawn into the cup, reducing the interior volume and equalizing the air pressure differential. They stick!

The trick is to expel as much air as possible, while maintaining a good hermetic seal. Body hair is the thing that most often allows air into

the cup, breaking the seal. Shaving is one option, but it has drawbacks, especially on the chest of a hairy man who takes his shirt off where non-players can see his Panda

Tits. Also, it sometimes happens that the shaving is done *just before* applying the cups. Blood from otherwise unnoticed nicks and cuts is drawn into the cup, producing a messy surprise! This can be hard on the white shag carpeting. As an alternative to shaving, the skin and/or the rim of the cup can be moistened with something thick, viscous, and even sticky, such as petroleum jelly, body lotion, or a sweet liqueur. Wetting the area also promotes a better seal, on hairless skin as well.

The Libertitty Bells™ although based on the same scientific principle as smaller cups, are much larger (to cover more area, and accommo-

date nipple jewelry) and somewhat softer (for long-wearing comfort.) They also operate at a lower pressure ... they do not suck as hard ... both for the sake of comfort and to prevent "hickeys". In general, the more flesh that can be sucked into them, the better they hold. This means that sometimes (especially in the case of full-figured women) the Bell needs to be squeezed several times to expel as much air as possible, and then squeezed again after a few minutes, for the best possible seal. The Bells seem to hold best on smaller, firmer breasts. They grip powerfully on muscular, hairless men, for example. On unusually "pneumatic" women, a really good seal may require lying down, so that soft tissue does not press against the edges of the bell, compromising the seal.

A small amount of really warm water placed inside, will really soup up the power of any cupping device. The liquid promotes a good air seal. The heat makes the air inside the cup expand. As it cools, it contracts, creating even more vacuum and a tighter grip. ♦



# Why I Switch

by Steve Vakesh

**T**he odd thing about switching is that while most people do it, few are willing to admit it, or do it in public. It is something kept secret and indulged in only at home. The reason for this seems to be the false assumption that the role of bottom is somehow less worthy than that of top, that bottoms are necessarily of lower status. This is made even worse when gender is brought in. When it becomes the norm for males to top and females to bottom, BDSM is simply being used to cloak sexism.

Some professional dominatrices are just as bad, apparently feeling that all men should drop their pants and present their wallets to them on command; that centuries of injustice and oppression will somehow be washed away with the kiss of their whips!

Much of what we consider normal in BDSM comes from the old gay leather community, the "Old Guard" as they call themselves, so it is best to start there. Old Guard groups are extremely selective in choosing new members and all new members start out as bottoms. This is justified primarily by arguing that the best way to learn about BDSM is as a bottom, and certainly the role of teacher and student are easily integrated into BDSM. Some of these bottoms will eventually come out as tops after having proven themselves worthy and demonstrated their abilities — abilities they honed first as bottoms and under the careful scrutiny of experienced tops. A saying common in these groups is, "I won't let anyone do to me what hasn't been done to him." Some members will choose

to stay bottoms, but even they will learn about safe play as both top and bottom and be expected to function as tops. Most of the tops will still switch at least on occasion, even icons like Guy Baldwin. Status in these organizations is determined not by who is top and who is bottom, but rather by time in the organization and demonstrated ability which includes the ability to handle pain as well as inflict it. Unfortunately, outsiders frequently miss this subtlety and focus on the obvious: tops seem to be in charge, and that's the way it should be.

*Having topped,  
I am a better bottom,  
and having bottomed  
I am a better top.*

The heterosexual community has never had this type of organization and probably never will. Instead people choose a role and then look for a group to join or people to play with. When they do this, they all too often bring mainstream society's values and attitudes with them, especially prejudices of race, gender, and sexual orientation: men are strong and women weak, men act and women feel, men are decisive and women need guidance. Men who act otherwise are considered effeminate. Women who act outside traditional constraints are labeled with even more unpleasant terms. While I will not argue that BDSM will lead to a more democratic and egalitarian society, I do believe these prejudices are incompatible with BDSM play.

BDSM is an exploration of power and sensation, and as with any exploration, the wider one's travels, the better. I would never take seriously an explorer who had been to only one continent, and I have the same trouble taking seriously BDSMers who remain locked in one role in a cage of their own making. Having topped, I am a better bottom, and having bottomed I am a better top. The two roles necessarily complement and inform one another. Tops who have never processed pain, who have never been pushed passed their limits and delved deep into themselves to find the strength to bear just one more blow will never truly understand what BDSM is about. Conversely, bottoms who have never topped, who have never felt the almost carnivorous hunger to hurt, to bend a person to your will, and feed on their energy will never understand what they contribute to a scene, what the top gets out of it. They will remain the selfish "do me" bottoms that tops grow to loath. Not understanding what the other person gets from a scene makes BDSM a selfish act with top and bottom locked in their own separate worlds rather than the shared experience it should be.

Awareness and understanding of both roles makes for better scenes. Tops and bottoms who have switched are more sensitive to each other's subtle cues and desires and their passions synchronize easily, one feeding the other. They understand what the other needs and they give it freely.

They also have a much deeper and fuller understanding of what can go wrong in a scene and are less likely to bring one to an abrupt end with a safe word or accident. They're also a lot more fun in group scenes where play is fluid and roles change easily. Group scenes have their own

continued on pg 65

# The Factual, Practical Journal of BDSM Realities.

In Issue #29, readers learned the truth about the Marquis de Sade, got more ideas for Scene Music, saw a Gallery of Spanking Benches, read an excerpt from *Dominance Can Change Your Life*, and more ..  
In Issue #28, readers learned about: The St. Andrew's Cross, Aiming a Single-Lash Whip,  
Hot New Dungeon Music, Training a "Puppy," Playing with your "Adult Baby"...

In addition to feature articles, each issue of **The Guardian** carries: Book, CD or Video **Reviews**, **S/Mart Shopper** hints, **Unexpected Sources** for BDSM Toys, s/m-oriented **News** and **Ads** from the Mainstream, called "**We Can't Make These Things Up!**, **Letters** from readers ...and so much more!

(It does *NOT* have: fiction, fantasy or poetry. And, *NO* "eye-candy" pix of hunks or babes just to fill space!)

*Some of the other topics explored in previous issues:*

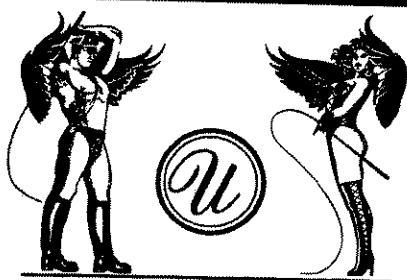
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# Writer's Guidelines -- for *THE SANDMUTOPIAN GUARDIAN* a Journal of BDSM Realities

**T**he *Guardian* is first and foremost a practical guide to safe and enjoyable exotic eroticism. Think of it as a combination of *Popular Mechanics*™ and *Consumer's Digest*™ for kinky sex. Our ambition is to become the independent "Journal of Record" of BDSM. Our readership includes people of all sexual orientations, gender identities and power polarities. While readers' experience levels range from, "just thinking about it," to "lifestyle devotee," we want to be especially mindful of, and useful to, the *less* experienced reader.

*The Guardian* is not following anyone's Party Line nor is it aligned with any particular demographic sub-grouping. We *will not refuse* a piece because of the "political" point of view it reflects or (to the limit of Statutory Libel) because "someone" will "be offended."

We take the broadest possible view of what constitutes appropriate material

\*EQUIPMENT \*LEGAL and SOCIAL ISSUES

\*RELATIONSHIPS \*ROLES \*SCENARIOS,

\*TECHNIQUES \*CRAFTS and SKILLS

\*HEALTH and SAFETY CONCERNS\*

Almost anything touching on BDSM, Fetish, Power Exchange, might be a successful article. We also buy "filler" pieces: humorous anecdotes, tips and hints, cartoons, etc..

Work can be submitted typewritten, or as an ASCII file in PC or MAC format, or in an email message. Please *do not send* text formatted in a program. (eg. Word, Word Perfect)

**Payment:** We pay — not lavishly, but respectably. Please contact us for particulars, including special situations, illustrations, and reprints. Contributors get a copy of the magazine in which their article appears.

We buy one-time serial rights with a one-time reprint provision. Payment is on acceptance, and we try to respond to all submissions within sixty days. SASE required for return.

**Style and Content:** Factual material, organized sequentially is the first concern, "style" is a bonus. Remember the "5 W's" of Journalism: Who, What, Where, When, and hoW — the "How to Write a Good Term Paper" handbooks? That's the idea.

Citations are Good. If you reference a product or publication, there should be an address and/or phone number, too. Appended Resource Lists are always welcome.

It is probably better to put too many words on paper, than to skip over "the obvious." Clarifying illustration, even crude hand drawings, is always useful.

**About "PC Language":** Writers needn't feel that they have to obscure their own orientations, alignments or biases — and gender specific pronouns *are* used when a specific person's gender is known, or gender is relevant. Otherwise, we like a style which de-emphasizes gender, polarity, and orientation. We have no problem with the "he/she, her/him" style used in government documents, the "false plural" form, or even the made up pronouns like "(s)he" and "co." Please be mindful that half of humanity is *not* male and at least 10% of it is *not* heterosexual. Try for inclusiveness.

**About "Safety" :** We assume that our readers are adults and that we, and they, reached maturity by not being "stupid or reckless." *The Guardian* focuses on the pleasure and sensual nature of BDSM and *less* on the dangers, perils and negatives of BDSM play. If there are some safety or health issues not readily apparent, they may need to be included. But we will not belabor the obvious.

## DEADLINES:

The next issue is #31 and will be a follow-up issue for *The Guardian's 10th Anniversary*. Please let us know ASAP if you intend to write for this issue which will deadline in late September.

If you miss the deadline, we will still be buying and paying as we go. In effect, we've got to worry about deadlines ... you can just work to your own schedule.

## ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Artists and illustrators are invited to send samples of their work by way of self-introduction. Almost all illustration will be commissioned for particular articles. Possible cover art, centerfold photo-essays and folios will be considered on their own merits. We want to project enjoyment, respect, safe-and-sane practice, and consensuality — or at least *not* communicate the reverse.

We are *not* in the market for "eye candy," rigid bondage/genitorture studies or depictions of atrocities. Work may be submitted in MAC or WINDOWS disk formats. If photographs are accepted, we may ask to use the negative for proper reproduction — and, of course, Model Releases in keeping with the law.